PIONEERING in The CONGO

By JOHN M. SPRINGER

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Rev. and Mrs. John M. Springer

PIONEERING IN THE CONGO

By

JOHN McKENDREE SPRINGER

Author of The Heart of Central Africa

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THE AUTHOR

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THIS NARRATIVE IS WRITTEN MAINLY IN THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR, BUT ALSO AT TIMES IN THE PLURAL, AND IT HAS BEEN WITTINGLY AND FITTINGLY SO IN EACH CASE. ONE THERE IS WHO FOR MORE THAN TEN YEARS HAS SHARED WITH ME ALMOST EVERY THOUGHT, PLAN, JOURNEY, AND HARDSHIP, AS WELL AS EVERY JOY AND RICH DIVINE COMPANIONSHIP IN THE SERVICE HERE RECORDED; AND SO FULLY HAS HER LIFE FLOWED OUT IN A RARE SINGLENESS OF DEVOTION TO THE WORK WHICH SHE CHOSE TO SHARE WITH ME, AND TO WHICH SHE FELT ALSO A LIKE PERSONAL CALL, AND SO LARGE HAS BEEN HER PART IN THE PREPARATION OF THIS NARRATIVE, THAT SHE MUST BE RECORDED AS JOINT AUTHOR, AND THAT ONE IS

MY WIFE
HELEN EMILY SPRINGER

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THE CONGO MISSION

IS AN ANSWER

TO

PRAYER

BY

MANY INTERCESSORS

MAY THE PERUSAL OF THIS NARRATIVE INSPIRE MANY OTHERS TO PREVAILING PRAYER FOR THE EXTENSION

OF THE

KINGDOM

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INTRODUCTION

By Bishop J. C. Hartzell, D.D., LL.D.

There is a new Africa, and a part of the world, especially the commercial interests of Europe as well as of America, have fully awakened to that fact. The great missionary explorer David Livingstone opened the path into and across Central Africa, and reported to the world, highlands in the interior with salubrious climate, and with indications of vast wealth of gold, copper, and ivory, and the possibilities of unlimited water power, where mighty rivers descended in magnificent falls, from the elevated watersheds and plateaus of the interior. After Livingstone, came other missionaries who confirmed and enlarged the report. Traders and prospectors followed in increasing numbers, until the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley, of gold at Johannesburg, and of gold and copper at various other parts of the continent, awakened the keen interest of Europe and led to more extended explorations. Then the industrial centers of

Great Britain, of Germany, and of France were looking for new markets for their products, and a continent of nearly 150,000,000 people waiting to be clothed, appealed to the imagination.

The last quarter of the past century witnessed a great scramble for continental "spheres" for trade in this great continent. Then in 1884—at the Berlin conference—there was a partition of nearly all of the 12,500,000 square miles of Africa, among the powers of Europe; an arrangement which continued until the war of 1914. Traders have pressed on into all parts, until it is the rare village even in the remotest regions, where cloth from Birmingham, blankets from Hamburg, and beads from Vienna are not in evidence. The governments have policed all parts and have caused the inter-tribal wars to cease; have crushed out the inter-tribal slave traffic, and are making great headway in the ultimate abolition of domestic slavery everywhere. In a little more than a brief quarter of a century has been witnessed the industrial and political occupation of practically all of this vast continent. Christian missions originally led in this modern movement, but they have in these later years been

left behind, and to-day more than half of the population of Africa—more nearly three fourths—have never seen the missionary, and are without the privileges of the church and the school.

But the line of missions has ever been slowly advancing, through the heroic faith and noble consecration of men and women called of God. This narrative tells of a notable advance of missions in Africa, and any one wishing to study the details of such progress will find here a mine of information.

The Rev. and Mrs. John M. Springer have been missionaries to Africa for fourteen years. It has fallen to their lot to labor continually in what the world regards as Livingstone's country. Their first period of nearly six years was spent in the gold-bearing region of Manica land, first spoken of by Livingstone in 1857, and where, at Old Umtali, they were in the midst of the gold belt from which, in all probability, gold was taken nearly three thousand years ago and shipped to Jerusalem in the ships of Hiram and Solomon, for the adornment of the great temple. Mr. and Mrs. Springer are both of pioneer families, and since their marriage in 1905 have been one in rare union of endeavor, devoted to exploration

and of missionary pioneering. Probably no other persons have touched Livingstone's trail at so many and so widely separate points as they. In their trip to the Zambesi River in 1906, in exploring the district of which Mr. Springer was superintendent, they came on Livingstone's trail along the Zambesi River above the Kabrabasa Rapids, and followed it down that river four hundred miles to Senna, near Shupanga, where Mary Livingstone's body rests, her grave cared for by a Roman Catholic Mission. Later that year they crossed his path at Victoria Falls, where were spent three days in contemplation of that marvelous cataract. Then, in 1907, on their long journey to the west coast, they started from Broken Hill, three hundred miles northeast of Sesheka, where Livingstone started on his first great trip, and going northwest they continually approached Livingstone's trail until they reached it near Lake Dilolo, and from there to the west coast for six hundred miles followed it approximately.

In 1910 it was my privilege to appoint Mr. and Mrs. Springer to the Lunda country, of which Livingstone wrote in his first book. By extensive travel in Central Africa, they completed the exploration of that field, and in

1913 built stations at two strategic centers. January 2, 1915, I met with them and others in conference at Kambove, and organized the Congo Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We sat only two hundred and fifty miles from Chitambo Village, where David Livingstone, in the heart of Africa, upon his knees, in prayer, commended his spirit to his God and entered into his rest. His face, at that very time, was turned in the direction of the vast copper mines, near which we gathered for this conference.

This small conference met in council in that unhappy interior land that had been raided by slavers from the east and from the west. From the east for decades, if not for centuries, had come the Arabs with their guns, and with a force of natives from near the coast, to capture and enslave native Africans. The victims were taken to the neighboring hills of malachite; made to smelt copper in crude furnaces still existing in the country; loaded with ore and marched to the east coast, where copper and slaves were sold. From the west coast had come native tribes, sometimes alone and sometimes headed by half-caste Portuguese and other degenerate white men, who had also raided these interior tribes for slaves to supply

the North American markets, and later to supply laborers for the cocoa islands along the west coast. Thus had the population of the interior been decimated. In the regions of this vast mineral belt are the tag ends of fifty or more tribes that had escaped from these various raids.

Livingstone's great and particular consecration had been, like that of Lincoln's in America, to abolish the slave traffic as a necessary clearing of the ground for the building of the Kingdom. It is interesting in this connection to note that at Sarenge, near Chitambo, where the heart of that great explorer rests under a monument erected to his memory, there was established in 1907 the Livingstone Memorial Mission. For this purpose his nephew, the Rev. Malcolm Moffat, grandson of Robert Moffat, was sent out by the Free Church of Scotland, and in the years intervening, between 1907 and the Livingstone Centennial in 1913, Mr. Moffat had been able to effect the translation of the four Gospels into the language of the people of that region. About this same year he was joined in his mission work by two grandchildren of David Livingstone, children of his daughter Anna Mary, who married Rev. Wilson, a missionary

of Sierra Leone. These two are Hubert Livingstone Wilson, M.D., and Ruth Livingstone Wilson, a trained nurse, who have joined their cousin at this Livingstone Memorial Mission.

What a great contrast throughout that country since Livingstone's day. Here in the region toward which his faltering steps, broken by the years of racking fever, were headed; and which he was unable to reach, we now sat in a well appointed house, and I had come into that region from Cape Town, twenty-five hundred miles from the south, in a comfortable train of European cars, with excellent dining and sleeping service. Throughout the land government was established, commerce was active, and mining companies were spending millions of dollars in development, and were employing tens of thousands of natives. Medical science was present, skilled surgeons and nurses were at hand, and at Elisabethville was a well laid out European town, with good streets, electric lighted stores, high grade moving picture cinematograph; dodging about the streets were motor cycles, motor trucks, automobiles, and already the output of the smelting works supplied by three of the mines was fifteen hundred tons of bar copper per month. On coming through Elisabethville I

could scarcely believe that only five years before, this town site had been but virgin Central Africa forest. Anew I was profoundly impressed with the fact that the commercial and industrial agencies of the world can command resources almost unlimited, while the Kingdom of God must plod along supplied with only paltry sums. And then what an utter contrast from that early day of Livingstone in the attitude toward the natives of the region! Then they were being taken by many thousands into hopeless slavery; now government and commerce were seeking for the concentration, in this rich mineral region, of tens of thousands of workmen, while this mining company has a large department, which is really a separate organization, whose sole business it is, under the management of Mr. A. A. Thompson, who took me about in his automobile, to secure an adequate number of workmen for these mines. One batch of six hundred natives, most of them Mohammedans, had been brought from a point one thousand miles east on the coast near Quilimane, and had been transported at much expense by rail through Beira, two thousand miles, to work for a year on these mines, and then to be returned to their homes.

This suggests the relation of the Mohammedan world to the interior of Africa. The commercial routes are now open and are being extended. The rail communication is completed with the east coast right into this interior region, and to the north the Cape-to-Cairo route is nearing its completion, and soon there will be similar communication from Khartoum; and from Alexandria on the Nile and the Mediterranean, both centers of Mohammedan education and propaganda. Followers of the False Prophet are as alert in these days to take advantage of the commercial routes and of railways to carry forward their propaganda, as are commerce and Christian missions. To-day this interior region is almost wholly virgin pagan soil; to-morrow it will be shot through with Islamism. How important that Christian missions be pushed rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Springer, after five years of strenuous pioneer work, were due for furlough. On reaching home, instead of resting, they entered upon an active campaign for securing additional funds for carrying forward the work for the next five years in the area of the Congo Mission. With great faith they blocked out the mission area of four hundred

miles square, in which the Methodist Episcopal Church is the only Protestant society. This is an area the size of Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana combined, and only two stations for this vast area! What Johannesburg and the rich gold regions about it are to South Africa, this vast mineral area will be to Central Africa, with its unlimited wealth of copper, iron, lime, tin, and possibly of coal, gold, and diamonds. Within this vast area are the Victoria falls of the Congo, and several large rivers. The climate is salubrious, resulting from the elevation of four thousand feet above sea level. Here are to meet the great continental railroad systems of Africa. Already two of these railroad lines are complete, connecting with the south and east coasts at six different ports, and with other lines under construction connecting with the other coasts of the continent.

There are great benefits to the country arising from the presence of stable governments and of legitimate commerce and industry, but their presence alone does not uplift the people; there is need also of the third great factor—the church with the regenerating gospel of Jesus Christ, which is needed by the incoming foreigners quite as much as by the natives of

the country. The best thought and methods of the church for meeting the needs of the people in other lands are required to solve the problems arising from the complex conditions found in these new centers in Africa. The beginnings of this mission, with the agencies of school, book store, press, and living evangels, contain the true hope for the future of this section, destined to be the commercial and industrial capital of all Central Africa.

God has wonderfully led Mr. and Mrs. Springer day by day and year by year. They are one, in a noble and effective consecration of heart and faith. They believe that the gospel which has saved them spiritually is the fundamental need of the heathen world, and the one weapon by which through the Divine Spirit the Moslem world is to be redeemed.

In spite of discouragements, frequent illness of body, owing to unhealthy climatic conditions, they have wrought well. The Congo Mission is the result of five years of unremitting toil and sacrifice, and is a foundation well laid. Its strategic importance to the multitudes of native barbaric blacks in Central Africa is very great, while the importance of its relations to Mohammedanism in that section of the continent cannot be overestimated.

Another great fact concerning this mission center is, that as the work among the Moslems extends northward sooner or later it will touch the advancing influences coming southward, of the same type of work, being carried forward by the Methodist Episcopal Church and other mission bodies among the followers of the false prophet in North Africa.

Twenty thousand dollars a year for the next five years put into the work of that Congo Mission would lay foundations permanent and tremendous in their influence for the future over a vast area of barbaric and Mohammedan Africa.

December 3, 1915.

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST JOURNEY

Two months after we went into temporary camp at the abandoned government post of Kalulua, a tall, lean Lunda came to us. He did not knock, as we had no door, but, making his presence known, told me his story. He was born seventy miles north of where we were at that time, in the Lukoshi Valley. When a lad of about ten or twelve years of age, a band of natives from the Portuguese territory of Angola came to the interior to capture slaves for the Angola and Saint Thomas markets. With many others Kayeka was seized and taken eight hundred miles west, where he was sold to a native master, whose village was near one of the mission stations of the American Board. Evidently Kayeka's master was kind and he permitted the youth to attend the Mission School, where he was converted.

Not long after his conversion there came upon Kayeka a burden for the salvation of his people. He saw what the Mission was doing for the Umbundu people among whom he was

then living and he began to pray for a missionary for his own tribe. He married a young Christian girl, also a slave, owned by another master, and to them were born four children to whom, as a good start in life, they gave the names of Sarah, Rachel, Esther, and Moses.

Kayeka's prayers so impressed the congregation of erstwhile Umbundu slavers of his own people that they finally said if he would go as a missionary to his people they would send him his support year after year. However, it was impracticable for him to go alone, and when the matter was presented to the missionaries, they considered it carefully, but were obliged to reply that it was impossible for them to extend their field to the interior at that time, and so the project had to be abandoned.

But Kayeka kept on praying. Caravans laden with rubber were constantly returning from the interior, many of them from the Lunda country. Kayeka visited their camping places at nights and asked them about the interior and particularly whether there were any missionaries among his people. He was always answered in the negative.

Soon after the establishment of the Portuguese Republic, the officials in Angola were informed that they were seriously to effect the

emancipation of the slaves held in the country. However, Kayeka seemed to consider himself as beholden to his master and he was moved to make this proposition to him. His master should furnish him with trading goods and he would go to the interior and buy rubber, the profits of the trip to constitute his redemption price. To this the master consented, and, leaving his wife and babies as sort of hostages, Kayeka left for the interior early in the year of 1910, probably not long before the time that we left America.

He had established himself at a village one hundred and fifty miles west of Kalulua, and, hearing of our arrival in the country, at once came to see us, for while he was endeavoring to secure his freedom, the main object of his journey to the interior was to find out the missionary prospects for his tribe. I was very glad to be able to assure him that we were appointed to the Lunda people and that after the rains were over we would advance into the Lunda country. He told me of the earnest desire of his heart to join in the work of the evangelization of his people and of his prayers for years for a missionary to come to his people. When I asked him more particularly how long he had been praying for this missionary he answered

somewhere between seven and ten years. Thinking back to the time when I first felt a definite responsibility for this interior part of the continent, I noted that it was just seven years previously. As this humble slave boy stood before me and told of those years of continued prayer for a missionary for his people, there came to me an overwhelming conviction that while many others had been praying for the opening of mission work in the heart of Africa, he was the instrument upon whom God had laid the final burden of importunate intercession that would not be denied through many years. I was convinced that before me stood the one who had prayed us into Central Africa. And when I have since recalled how time after time in the years 1905-1906, in testing what was increasingly a commanding call to go and explore that interior part of Africa on our way home to the United States on furlough, we put it from us over and again as an utterly impossible thing for us to do, and the conviction came back to us each time with increased force until we were impelled and compelled to make that trip across the continent, I have come to understand that it was because this faithful pray-er who was two thousand miles away on the other side of

the continent was holding on to God in child-like faith for his own Lunda people in their unrelieved heathen darkness.

Kayeka remained with us two days witnessing in the villages about to the saving power of God and then went back to complete his trading. He was to bring in his wife and children and join us somewhere to the north, where we would be building a station the next year. We shall be able to report later the safe arrival of Kayeka and his party in the Lunda country.

With this party of Kayeka's was a young man named Kaluwasi of the adjoining tribe to the east. Like Kayeka, he was about thirty-five or forty years of age. He had never been a slave, but on one occasion, when an Umbundu group of rubber traders had been in his country, he had joined them as a carrier and had gone to the same part of Angola as where Kayeka was living. Kaluwasi married a woman of that country and settled near one of the Missions. He also had three or four children.

On Kayeka's return from his rubber trading expedition, the news soon spread that he was to return to his country, as now there was a

missionary there to father and protect him. This news came to the many villages of Baluba in Angola and in Kaluwasi's village there was held a consultation which resulted in the decision that one member should go into the interior with Kayeka to spy out the land and the conditions there and return and report as to whether it were feasible for the Baluba to return to their country. These Baluba selected Kaluwasi to be their representative and told him that as he visited villages on his journey and would be telling the gospel story they did not want him, their representative, sitting on the ground. So he must take a steamer chair for such occasions, an article very commonly used in their Christian homes in Angola.

Neither did they want him to carry his own load, so they contributed a sum to pay a carrier named Mbundu to accompany him. They remained with us a month at Lukoshi in 1913, and with letters to government officials these two men started out on their long journey to the north, and after some weeks reached the former home of Kaluwasi on the banks of the Lufungoi River. He found his father, some of his brothers, and a few other near relatives, and after spending two months there came down to Kambove, whither we had moved in the

meantime. When I asked him about his country and whether there were many people there, he waved his hand in the direction of the trees of the forest in which we were encamped and said the people were many, many, like the trees of the forest. Then he told us that when the news of his arrival had spread in the villages, the people came in and listened to his story, especially to the message of his conversion and of the new life in Christ. They kept him talking throughout the hours of the day, day after day, new deputations coming and going. This continued until he was weary and worn and his voice completely gave out, and yet the deputations would come in and they would plead for just a few words. They sent a message by him asking that a missionary be sent to settle among them and bring them the blessing of the Gospel and of education as well.

I was most delightfully surprised to find that Kaluwasi was a mason. He was able to lay the brick house for our residence at Kambove, thus earning money to finance him on his return to Angola to bring in his wife and children.

In November, 1914, he returned from Angola to the Belgian Congo at the head of a party of four families and from Bukama he sent a mes-

sage to me at Kambove, but which reached there after my departure, asking if his ("my") missionary was ready now to go to his country and whether he should go on and build the house and the school so as to be ready for the missionary on his arrival.

These two and their comrades are helpers for our work in the Congo Mission that have come out from the West, and others are at hand that have come from the East also.

In April, 1914, I received a telegram from Elisabethville to come down and baptize the infant of a Belgian doctor there. I took with me a young native evangelist and colporteur and left him there to visit the various mining camps, sell books, and get acquainted with the situation and report to me, as I had very little time to stay in Elisabethville myself. On his return he reported great interest among the young men, and I later sent him down on another trip with additional books for sale. On his return on that occasion he brought me a petition signed by twenty-four native young men from Nyasaland, who were Christians, but who had no church privileges in Elisabethville. They begged me to come down and organize a church. In a month or two I was able to get

away and respond to their request. I found their leader to be one named Joseph Jutu. Just about the time of my visit, there had come to Elisabethville a young man named Moses Kumwenda, who had been for some years a teacher and evangelist in the Presbyterian Mission in Nyasaland. Joseph had been at Elisabethville for three years or more. He had faithfully gathered the men in on Sabbaths, and on other occasions, for singing, Bible reading, and prayer, trying thus to hold them true to their Christian faith. He had seen scores of his former classmates swept away by the surging tide of temptation but had been able to hold a few true to their profession. It is not to be wondered at that so many of these native young men had fallen, since the example of many of the white men of the country is so pernicious.

On the arrival of Moses, Joseph at once with a rare spirit of modesty stepped back and said, "You are my senior; you must lead us." Moses was also of a beautiful humble spirit and tried to decline and urged Joseph to retain the leadership of the little band in Elisabethville. But Joseph insisted upon Moses assuming the position of leader. These two men have worked together with a rare spirit of unity and

devotion in caring for the infant church which I organized there in December of that year.

Our presence in Central Africa and our association with these young men had come about thus.

In 1901 I was appointed missionary to East Africa and was stationed at Old Umtali. In the party with which I went out was Mrs. Helen E. Rasmussen, who in 1905 became my wife. As I have already indicated, in 1903 there came to me a very definite sense of responsibility for the interior of Africa, which was but the hinterland of the district in Rhodesia of which I was then superintendent. After our term of six years on the field, we returned to America. We came across the continent, proceeding by rail via Bulawayo and Victoria Falls to Broken Hill in northern Rhodesia, at that time the head of the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad. On May 13, 1907, we left Broken Hill with a caravan of fifty natives and, proceeding northwest, visited the mining camps of Kanshanshi, Kambove, and Ruwi, also the mission stations of the Plymouth Brethren at Kaleni Hill and Kavungu, thence northwesterly for six hundred miles to Malange in Angola. During the last stage of our journey we saw no

white settlements. In this journey we had skirted the southern part of the Lunda field, but were not permitted to penetrate the country and visit the town of Mwata Yamvo because of the war which was then being prosecuted against the Waleji cannibals, who had come into the country from the north. Our travel by native trail of fifteen hundred miles had been through country almost untouched by missionary effort and the Lunda field to the north of us, comprising a territory as large as the States of Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana combined, had not a single missionary. For two years we gave the message of Africa to the churches of America and in 1909, in connection with the Africa Diamond Jubilee, pledges for four thousand dollars per year for five years were made for work in the interior of Africa. On the basis of these pledges, the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church and Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell sent us to open the work in the Lunda field.

Leaving America in February, 1910, we spent three weeks in Sweden, speaking in the churches there on our mission work in Africa, and, returning to London, sailed for South Africa and reached Cape Town in May, from which point we proceeded to the north again.

CHAPTER II

STRIKING THE TRAIL AGAIN

On June 2, 1910, after three years' absence, Mrs. Springer and myself again arrived at Broken Hill. We found the little depot in the same place, nearly a mile from the town. There was still but the one hotel; this time it was run by Mr. Boon and had by way of improvement a corrugated iron dining room. The sleeping quarters were mud and pole huts as of yore. The rates of three dollars a day also remained the same. As our purse was in the same state as three years previously, we remained at the hotel just one day and then were grateful for the offer of an old, two-roomed mud and pole house belonging to the mine. The secretary and caretaker of the mine property, Mr. Teagle, loaned us a single cot bed (all that he had at his disposal). The cot, guiltless of a mattress, was, with two steamer chairs we had brought with us, our only furniture for some days. I was able to borrow a soap box which we used as a table, and so we

began our work again with the simplest equipment imaginable.

We had brought with us from Cape Town four of the boys whom we had left in Angola with Brother Kipp. Jacob (you will recall) had been a linker-in on the railroad when he first came into contact with us nearly four years previously and, although a man in his twenties, his whole schooling up to that time had consisted of six months in a village day school. Three years had done wonders for him and I was able to use him at once as interpreter and evangelist. The other three boys, Jim, Musondo, and Songoro, were less developed, though useful with some of the many dialects.

I found here now, as previously, that no Christian work was being done for these native workmen along the railroad construction, and my advent was hailed with great pleasure by many of them. We held services nearly every evening through the week and several on Sunday. I counted sixteen tribes at one of the Sunday services. More than ever we were convinced of the need of workers for this class of natives and the almost criminal neglect of the Church to provide such for them. We longed to see the great needs here met, but could do nothing about it ourselves, as our in-

structions were to proceed at once to the Lunda country and we knew that our work lay there.

We were delayed a month at Broken Hill getting our baggage from Cape Town, repacking, and getting carriers. It is impossible to mention a hundredth of the cases of marked Divine providence that attended us during the following years. But one case of a caravan which arrived just as I had finished one lot of packing is still strongly impressed on my mind. This caravan was returning to Kaleni Hill, ten miles from Kalalua, where we were to spend the next rainy season (though we did not know that then). We did know that they were bound along the same general route that we were to take, and thanked God devoutly for the chance to send seventeen loads right through.

The month spent here was a valuable one in many ways. I was thus enabled to reach and get acquainted with some of the natives working on railroad construction, many of whom I was to meet nearly four years later at Kambove, particularly one named Mashona, who had once been a Christian at Bulawayo, but during the three years among ungodly surroundings along the railroad, had back-

slidden. However, during this time at Broken Hill, he turned back to God and was one of the first to welcome our coming to Kambove and to join our church there and become an active lay worker.

On June 29, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we trekked northward out of Broken Hill for the second time, but this time taking the direct trade route. At the last moment we had the first of many disappointments in finding that we were short of carriers and fourteen loads must be left behind. I sought out a Jew who had charge of certain lines of transportation and arranged with him to send our loads after us. He assured me that in all probability the loads would reach Kansanshi a day or so ahead of ourselves. Vain delusion! Yet to leave them with him was all I could do under the circumstances.

Our caravan was among the last to follow this old trade route. Two reasons led to its abandonment. In the first place the railroad had been constructed from Broken Hill some distance into the Belgian Congo and most of the passengers went that way. But as the construction company were charging twenty-four cents a mile for passengers and enormous rates for freight we could not pay it. More-

over, it would still leave us one hundred miles from Kansanshi, at a point where no carriers could be obtained except at impossible rates —and quite off the main paths.

The other reason was that this route was now attended with no little danger from robbers. A certain white man had trained a small band of natives to assist him in the life of an outlaw. The end was that he was murdered by these same pupils who had learned his lessons too well. Knowing their fate if caught, they had been terrorizing caravans and committing many robberies, especially in the region of the Lukanga swamp where they could be successfully hidden. Ugly rumors were afloat before we left Broken Hill and our men were none too cheerful about taking that route. I have never heard of any other caravan taking that route after us: it is doubtful if carriers could have been persuaded to go.

The rumors increased and so did the anxiety of our men as we went along. For ourselves, we were less concerned, having long since learned how little of such scare news can be believed. Nevertheless when we reached the Lukanga swamp and were met by the most villainous looking lot of native ferrymen we had ever seen, we felt that we would rather

A Villainous Looking Lot of Ferrymen
On the Traction Road, Kansanshi-Baya

deal with a better class of native. But here we were at the swamp and at the mercy of these men. So I picked out two of them and arranged for them to take us and our loads through the worst of the swamp in their canoes. These canoes were as unpromising as their owners. The first one nearly sank at the start and I had to get into a second one, leaving my wife as the only passenger in the first. As mine was plastered up with clay all along the side, I removed shoes and stockings so that I could wade or swim in case the clay side caved in. We were nearly an hour going through the swamp to where we could wade out on the other side. When all our belongings were over, ten men came up and demanded a shilling each for the work. This was five times the price we should have paid, but under the circumstances I paid rather than get into a quarrel at this time.

The next day we came to a village from which most of the people had fled and those who remained were about to leave in terror of their lives. From that on the rumors grew uglier until there could be no doubt but that there was actual danger along that route. A few days later I was at the front of the caravan and we noticed a lot of vultures a little to the

left of the path. Two or three of my carriers stepped aside to see what had called the vultures and to their horror they came upon four murdered natives. They had evidently camped at this small stream and had been murdered during the night and their loads seized. From that time on our carriers kept close to us by day and at night slept all around our tent, as close as it was possible to get, until we reached our last camping place at the Mission occupied by the Rev. A. W. Bailey, fourteen miles south of Kansanshi. This station of the South Africa General Mission had just been opened. During our stay at Kansanshi we saw much of our countryman, Mr. Bailey, whom we found a man after our heart and a brother indeed.

On arriving at Kanshanshi, two more disappointments were in store for us. We found that our loads had not arrived and that we could get no house in which to stop while waiting for them. Thinking that it would be but a matter of waiting a week at the most, we occupied an old abandoned camp of a charcoal burner, sleeping in our tiny tent by night and living out of doors by day. It was very cold and windy so that conditions were exceedingly disagreeable during the time of our

stay, which eventually lengthened into two whole months.

The mining work had gone ahead during the three years since our previous visit, and already a thousand tons of smelted copper were stacked up awaiting the arrival of the railway to the nearest point sixty miles east of there, now called Baya, whence it could be transported by traction engines. This was being done the following year when we passed through Kansanshi for the third and last time.

One notable item regarding the mine was that much of the smelter had been cast on the spot. The iron ore required was available only a few miles away,.and so nearly pure was it that it needed to go through no preliminary purifying process.

As Brother Bailey was doing the missionary work at Kansanshi, I did little among either whites or natives except by means of personal work. As we were not allowed to hold any services in the mine compound, I held them at a distance from the compound and at our camp, and many came there to attend. A few boys joined our school and traveled west with us when we left.

The most notable feature of our stay here was the inaugurating of the Fox Bible Train-

ing School, funds for building the station of which had been given us by Dr. C. Vernon Fox and wife of Dakota. We started with but six pupils, with only the sky for a roof, logs for benches, and a very limited supply of books. But primitive as it all was, we began the next day but one after reaching Kansanshi, that is, on July 20, 1910, and from that day this institution has been meeting and will continue to meet a great need in that section of the country. It is a well accepted fact that Africa must be evangelized largely by her own people. Therefore the best work of the missionary is not preaching—important though that may be and much as he loves it—but in preparing the natives to preach, to teach, and to lead their own people.

A week passed and still no loads, so I wrote to ask about them, and when the reply came it bore the surprising information that the loads were still at Broken Hill and probably would remain there indefinitely. There was but one thing to do and that was to go to rail head, which was now nearly up to the traction road, running east from Kansanshi, and have them sent by rail.

This I did, and as the traction road was newly cut and not yet much used, I shall never

forget the painful experience of doing sixty miles on a bicycle in one day—my first cycling for years. I wired for the loads to be sent, and after some delay they arrived safely, and I returned with them to Kansanshi after two weeks' absence, during which time Mrs. Springer had been alone at our camp—alone as far as white people were concerned. Shortly after I left for rail head two groups of carriers arrived for us, one of raw Andembwe who had never been so far from home before and a smaller one of Aluena—some thirty in all—for her to take care of until I returned.

We were now just three months behind the time we had planned; this was a serious matter, as we might now expect the rains any day. These unexpected and unavoidable delays had given us no little concern, but we came to feel that since these delays were in no part whatever our fault, in some way or other the Lord would provide for us and our school during the rainy season so near at hand.

The day before leaving Kansanshi I had to call on the District Magistrate, Mr. Hazle, concerning my carriers. In the course of the conversation he asked me what was our ultimate destination. I replied that it was the Lunda country. He then asked if I had any station

prepared in which to spend the rainy season. I told him that I regretted very much to say that I had not. He then offered us the use of Kalulua station if it were still standing. The government had abandoned it some months before and he did not know if it had been burned or not. Whereupon we thanked God and went forward with renewed hope and courage.

We left Kansanshi on September 13, the hottest time in the year, but though the rains were already due, we had none until two nights before we reached our journey's end. Nearly all of the veld had been burned over and the very ground under our feet was parched and cracked. Native food was scarce, but at the worst juncture I was able to shoot a sable antelope and thus furnish food for ourselves and caravan. I had been fortunate in supplying a lot of meat to the caravan on the traction road, but game was more scarce from this on.

Right here I wish to say that it has been wonderful to us to see how the Lord has provided for us at all times. Once we had camped too late in the evening for me to go out hunting. The next morning we had to be on the trail early, but while the others were breaking camp, I took two men and went down to the

water hole to see if I could bag a pig. We did not see a thing and were returning empty handed when we saw that something heavy had been dragged across the path since we came out. We followed the spoor and found a zebra which a lion had just killed and was dragging along. Evidently the lion fled as he heard us approach, and my men raised a shout which brought the whole caravan on the run and the zebra was soon cut up and carried off. That night we had juicy, tenderloin zebra steaks for our supper.

At another time I had occasion for thanksgiving for quite another reason. I had had to walk along the Kansanshi traction road for nearly three hours after dark. I was alone with only my bicycle and did not relish the walk at all. Returning later over the same trail by day, I found bits of a zebra skin, all that was left of the poor beast that had been killed and eaten by a lion on this same section of road over which I had passed.

At Mwinilunga we were most cordially and hospitably received by the Commissioner, Mr. Bellis, who then and ever afterward showed himself ready to give us any assistance in his power. He was engaged in building the new government station and assured us that the old

one at Kalulua was still standing and would provide us excellent shelter during the rains.

Two nights later we slept near the source of the Zambesi River, and the next night reached Kaleni Hill, where we were once more welcomed by Miss Eileen Darling and her associate, Miss Hoyt. Here again we met Mr. Sawyer and Miss Ing, who proudly introduced to us the youngest member of the Mission, Miss Betty Sawyer, five days old. Dr. and Mrs. Fisher were in Ireland at the time.

The next noon, October 1, we reached Kalulua, ten miles north of Kaleni Hill, where two days later we were joined by Mr. Herman Heinkel, who was associated with us for the next three and a half years. We found a set of commodious buildings admirably adapted to our needs and, although there were neither doors nor windows on any of them, we were very comfortable there for the next seven months. Our later experience in the building of two stations has accentuated our appreciation of this station and our gratitude to God for providing Kalulua for us at this time.

CHAPTER III

KALULUA TO LUKOSHI

THE very night that Mr. Heinkel joined us, the rains began in dead earnest with one of the characteristic thunder showers that seem to rend heaven and earth. It is a rare thing in many parts of the center of Africa to have a whole rainy day: the rain is poured out in showers, and most of them are terrific.

At Kalulua, as at Broken Hill, the houses were unfurnished, and we had no furniture except what we could make and that was little enough. A small table for the dining room was made of our provision boxes; the beds, chairs, and other furniture were largely made of sticks and poles tied together with bark rope. Yet we did not have any reason whatever to complain. We were reasonably comfortable and happy with the school work, which for the most part occupied our attention. Connected with this was the visitation of the neighboring villages and the work on new text books suitable for native use.

In the matter of food we were far from satisfied. The natives in that vicinity were the most shiftless we have ever seen. They belonged to the class aptly described as "having nothing and wanting nothing." Neither would they work, so that we had to draw very lightly on what European stores we had and live mostly on sour mush and beans, a diet on which we truly *lived,* but did not thrive.

Not only was it difficult to buy or obtain food for ourselves, but for our boys as well. More than once we had to pray earnestly that the food would come in and in every instance our faith was rewarded. Mr. Heinkel had charge of the buying of native food, and after experience in trying to buy in the villages, he used to say, "It is of no use sending out to buy it but the Lord will send it to us," and He did. But even so, there was very little variety, and but for the mushrooms our boys would have fared ill also. In no place that we have lived in Africa have we seen so many and such large mushrooms as grow around Kalulua. We tried to eat them but were unable to do so, though the natives were very fond of them.

But while the ground at Kalulua raised enormous mushrooms, it refused to raise anything else. We wasted a lot of seed and labor,

MR. HEINKEL MRS. SPRINGER MR. SPRINGER
AND
FOX BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL, KALULUA, 1910

as had Mr. Bellis before us, in the effort to have a garden, but reaped no benefits whatever.

Once during our stay at Kalulua we were fortunate enough to get seventeen carriers to go down to the railroad for supplies for us. Alas! After nearly three months they returned with ten loads for others and only seven for us, and these were so badly packed that there were really only about three loads of provisions in all. It was very apparent that if we were to have inland stations we must have someone at the railroad who could load caravans properly when they were sent down.

We had hoped to make some progress in the language as these people glibly called themselves Lunda, but we soon learned that they were neither Alunda nor spoke the Lunda language. As to their origin one theory told us later is that they were an offshoot of a lot of Kosa slaves who had been brought by one of the former Mwata Yamvos to work his great salt pans to the east of Kambove. They certainly do not speak a pure Bantu tongue. Dr. Fisher and other members of the Garanganze Mission of Plymouth Brethren, however, have made marked progress in reducing this mixed language to writing and in starting a Chindembwe literature.

And now, as the new year came in and the end of the rains might be expected in three or four months, we were confronted with the question of our next move. Our understanding with Bishop Hartzell had been for us to proceed to the Lunda country and this we had not yet reached. In no case could we have considered remaining at Kalulua so near to Dr. Fisher's work, even had this been in the Lunda country. But had we been willing so to do, it was impossible as the buildings at Kalulua had been sold to a Swedish trader, Mr. Frykberg, who came to occupy them in the latter part of April, though he and his wife urged us most cordially to remain where we were and share the station with them.

It is hard for the reader to realize how very difficult it is to get reliable information in Africa except at first hand, and sometimes difficult even then. We could get very little information at Kalulua concerning the Lunda country, so in March I made a trip to the nearest important Lunda chief named Kazembe. He was a true Lunda though more than half his people were not. He expressed great pleasure at the prospect of having us come and settle near his village. I then went to the nearest Belgian post to get the necessary

permission to settle in the country. They could not grant it, but sent me to a second and superior post, where I was told that I must get the permission from Elisabethville.

So there seemed nothing for it but to go in person to this capital of the section of the Congo known as Katanga. We built a small hut near a native village four miles from Kalulua and Mr. Heinkel and Jacob remained there with our goods while Mrs. Springer and I went to Elisabethville. Mrs. Springer was taken very ill just before leaving, but Dr. Fisher had just returned to his station and he kindly came over and attended her and she was seemingly quite well when we started.

And right here I wish to record our gratitude and appreciation of all the help and kindness shown us by these our fellow workers, by Miss Darling, who had charge of the station during her uncle's absence, and by Dr. and Mrs. Fisher after their return during the next three years.

The one marked incident of our three weeks' journey down was a relapse of Mrs. Springer's. She became so very ill that we had to stop one noon near a small stream of water but with no villages for two days ahead, and none near nor behind us. The situation was most serious.

We could not remain there long and it looked as if it would be fatal to her to go on. But while lying there on the floor of the tent there came to her a message as though spoken in an audible voice, "Go on in the strength of the Lord."

Our carriers on this trip were of very raw caliber and they were the most troublesome crowd that we ever had. Many of them were going down light to bring back loads, and thus a larger number than usual were available for carrying Mrs. Springer, but the more there were the more quarreling there was to see who could keep from carrying at all. Evidently each wished to go along free "like a gentleman" and be paid at the same time. I was riding a crippled bicycle, which I could not pedal, but by having a boy push with a long stick from behind and coasting down the hills, I was relieved of a certain amount of walking. But on the traction road, beyond Kansanshi, it was so billowy, as a result of the heavy traffic, that the strain broke the fork of my wheel and I had to walk.

The puffing of the traction engines along this road, in taking out the thousand tons of copper, had driven the deer and other wild animals away, so that where the year before

I had shot several heads of game right from the path, we now saw none from one end of the road to the other.

The change at Elisabethville was indeed marvelous. Only nine months before I had seen them beginning to fell the trees for the streets. Now we came into a town with twenty miles of well laid-out streets with a population of more than one thousand Europeans, living for the most part, at this stage, in mud huts, wood and iron houses, and many under buck-sails (water-proof canvas). From being a wilderness ten months before Elisabethville had leaped in one year to the distinction of being the largest settlement of Europeans in the entire Belgian Congo.

A large number of brick yards were in full operation to supply material for the many excellent buildings, public, private, and commercial, which were under construction. Along the brow of the hill, overlooking the Lubumbashi River, had been laid out a wide boulevard along which some of the finest residences were being built. All these activities were being pushed at top speed to build this capital town of the Katanga, which is the southeastern province of the Belgian Congo, including all south of 5° south parallel, and

east of the Kasai River. A very comfortable town is the result, one that would do credit to European countries. This was completed at an enormous expense because of the speed with which it was accomplished and because of the large demands for native workmen, making wages very high. Portland cement was used largely in construction, the cost being between six dollars and ten dollars per hundred pounds.

We pitched our own camp a little outside of the town for two reasons, one being that it was much cheaper than stopping at hotels, and the other so as to be near our carriers in order to prevent their being stolen by some contractor in search of laborers, a very common practice throughout the country at this time.

We were most cordially welcomed by Vice-Governor General E. Wangermee. He later invited us to tea at the residency to meet the heads of the various departments of the government. The Governor expressed his pleasure in welcoming us as representatives of an American Missionary Society. He said that in Katanga there were now both British Protestant and Continental, particularly Belgian, Catholic societies. He had asked the Roman Catholic authorities at home to send

out to the Katanga the Catholic society actuated by the broadest sympathies, namely, the Benedictines, and it was his wish that, while each of the societies should pursue the work in its own way, all should work in harmony.

The Belgian government is most kindly in its attitude toward the natives. It is generally recognized, both by the officials and the public in general, that now the government errs on the side of too great leniency and that in courts and elsewhere the natives are given a point of vantage against the white man, to the detriment of both. They are seeking to correct this tendency and to take a medium attitude.

With the death of Leopold, a radical change had taken place in the administration of the Congo. It is not generally recognized that the Belgian nation, as a nation, was in no sense responsible for the former atrocities. King Leopold, as independent sovereign of the Congo Free State, and the group immediately under him, many of whom were of other European nationalities, were alone responsible for that terrible regime. For the credit of the Belgian nation, it must be said that during the years of his misrule there was no greater opposition to King Leopold and his methods anywhere than in his own parliament.

The present King Albert is a man of an altogether different stamp from his predecessor. In 1907, as Prince, he made a journey across the Belgian Congo in spite of the opposition of his uncle and others. In coming up from Cape Town and through Rhodesia and passing through this very region where Elisabethville was now being built, he showed himself to be of a most democratic spirit, and frankly confessing the inexperience of Belgium in colonial matters, sought advice in regard to the administration of natives from every possible source.

On the evening of June 22 we attended the concert in celebration of the coronation of King George, the British and Belgians uniting in the celebration as they were united in the club and in other activities. Governor Wangermee told us later of his desire that the Belgians should acquire the habits of the British and Americans in the matter of recreation and sociability, as shown in sports and clubs, thus securing among themselves greater unity and effectiveness.

Happily our visit to Elisabethville coincided with the visit of Robert Williams, that astute financier, in many respects a successor to Cecil Rhodes, but still following distinct lines of his own. In the late 90's he had sent his prospec-

tors a thousand miles ahead of the railroad, and in 1900 discovered the copper field put on the map of Africa by Livingstone in 1857. By marvelous genius he had interested millions of capital in prospecting and then in building one hundred and twenty miles of the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad from Broken Hill to the Belgian border, from which point a Belgian company had pushed it forward to the Star of the Congo Mine and to the site where the smelting plant of that southern group of mines of the copper belt was being built on the Lubumbashi River. Mr. Williams was on his first personal visit to these mines and witnessed the beginning of the smelting operations. As that molten stream of copper began to flow, he remarked, "This is the beginning of the stream that is to completely revolutionize Central Africa." He was most optimistic over the development of the mining operations and looked forward eagerly to the completion of the Benguela Railroad direct from the West Coast to these mines, now completed over one third of the distance.

He knew of me, having read my book, The Heart of Central Africa, and was interested and pleased that we were beginning mission work in the country and promised cordial co-

operation in our propaganda. Mr. Williams made a trip by caravan or "Safari" to Kambove and other copper deposits.

Elisabethville being the rail head, was the commercial center for all the region hundreds of miles north. Messrs. Ullman & Co. were perhaps the strongest group of traders and frequently had caravans of from three to six hundred natives bringing in ivory and rubber from the north. As these raw Baluba marched down the street to the station, to the strains of music from their native instruments, they presented a picturesque sight and created great interest in the town.

The extension of the railroad to Kambove was just beginning, and thousands of natives, recruited from practically all of the tribes in every direction for hundreds of miles, were concentrated here for work on the mines and on railroad construction. Many of them recognized me from our meetings at Broken Hill and begged me to stay and open a school and church. It was a strong, attractive appeal and my heart bled for them and for the Kingdom, as no one would be there for the following three years to shepherd them. But the Divine leadings for us were again to go to the wilderness and the Lunda Land, which also

sorely needed us, and thither we turned our faces after this brief and fresh touch with civilization.

From the well-provisioned shops we were able to secure all our needed provisions, and we loaded up some sixty carriers, twenty-five of whom we had brought with us and thirty-five of whom followed us under the leadership of our old boy, Jim, who has a particular talent for commanding others.

The trip out from Elisabethville was without particular incident except for the desertion of some ten carriers in all, but on some of these occasions other natives traveling empty handed came along and helped us on our way. On several occasions I had to draw on Mrs. Springer's machilla carriers, thus making it necessary for her to walk a large part of the day, which was very trying on her. The new sprocket wheel on my bicycle soon went wrong and I had a wheel that was free both ways and which frequently needed to be beaten before it would catch again. For days we passed along a country rich in deposits of iron of excellent purity.

After twenty-six days of tedious marching we reached the village of Kazembe on the Lukoshi River where we were to build.

CHAPTER IV

BUILDING AT LUKOSHI

THE one word that is preeminently before our minds whenever the name of Kazembe or the station of Lukoshi is mentioned is the one so often used by the natives to describe their own strongest feelings—"hunger."

The day before we arrived, we walked a weary twenty miles and then found that the village where we had hoped to find food was abandoned, and our carriers had to go to bed hungry and start out hungry the next day. I encouraged them by the assurance that we would reach Kazembe's in the afternoon and that then there would be enough to fill their empty stomachs. I noticed that they did not seem very enthusiastic over the prospect as I naturally thought they would be, but I had to learn from months of sad experience what my carriers, whose homes were less than 100 miles away, knew already—that food was always scarce around Kazembe's.

We walked into Kazembe's village about

three o'clock on July 26, 1911, hot, dirty, dusty, and very weary. The chief came out and gave us a hearty welcome and so did his people and we were exceedingly thankful to be at the end of our toilsome trip covering two months. We hastily picked out a site to camp under a clump of trees not far from the village and then expected that the chief would appear with the customary present of meal and fowls. I told him that my men were hungry and that I wanted to buy food for them, but beyond a few sweet potatoes, no food came.

The next day the chief brought me a small present of meal and two small fowls, and explained that his was a new village and the people all had their gardens some distance away so he could only bring a small present at that time. He said that he had sent out word far and near for his people to come and bring food, so that in a day or two there would be much; all of which I believed.

Not so my carriers. I had engaged most of them to stay and work for me a month and thus help build the station. Several of them were to work two or three months. But with the exception of four they all absolutely refused to stay, saying that if they did they would starve to death. In vain I quoted Ka-

zembe's assurances, but they knew the facts of the case and taking their pay, cleared out as fast as their legs could carry them.

Then we began looking for a site for the Mission. Kazembe was emphatic in wishing us to build close to his village. But it was evident that he had built too near the river, in a most unhealthy location. So we chose the best site in all that locality, which was on the other side of the Lukoshi River nearly a mile away. The next rainy season proved the wisdom of our choice, for the river rose to the very edge of his village and flooded the lowlands all around, so that Kazembe himself had to move to higher and dryer ground.

I had first visited Kazembe on the 25th of March. The chief and his people had expressed themselves as very keen to have us come and live among them. I told the chief then that there would be obligations on the part of him and of his people if we did come. I explained that it would be necessary for them to sell me food and to furnish me carriers for the necessary transport connected with a mission station, for all of which there would be adequate compensation. They agreed readily and promised all most heartily.

I now told Kazembe that I must have some

carriers to go the seventy miles to Kalulua for loads; he said I should have them. Nevertheless, they did not appear and in the end I had to go out and recruit the men myself, and it was with considerable difficulty that I finally got our loads from even that short distance. I was to learn that in the matter of carriers the chief had really little or no power at all.

The next day, August 1, we cut the first trees and proceeded to put up a rude shelter from the midday sun, particularly for Mrs. Springer. Mr. Heinkel and I were necessarily employed in the open all day long. In fact, an event occurred a month later which made it necessary for one of us to go out to the villages miles away to buy food to keep our boys from starving.

I told Kazembe that I must have men to help build the station. He said he would bring some the next day. So about ten o'clock, Kazembe and ten men arrived and began to cut down the trees about three feet from the ground. I told him that I did not want all the trees cut indiscriminately, but that I did want those which were cut to be cut properly. So they worked a couple of hours and then said it was time to quit and go home. The next day I said that we would give them their

lunch so that they could work longer, but the chief said he never ate in public like common people, and the only way that he would eat at all was behind some bushes shielded by an umbrella. Even though he and his men ate lunch, they soon stopped work and went back to the village and we saw that that plan would not work. I told Kazembe to tell his men to come early in the morning and for each to bring a good pole for building along with him.

But all our efforts to get any real labor out of the men of the village were in vain. They could not be persuaded to do more than two or three hours' work in a day, and after three days they intimated that a present would be very acceptable. In fact, they expected more than the customary wages for a full day's work for the small amount they had been doing. They were not satisfied with their "present" and Kazembe found that official business required his attention in his village.

Then I went out into the villages and at last hired ten men to come and work for a month. They had worked a week when Kazembe and several of his followers passed through our grounds one morning stating that he had to "sit" on a case in one of the villages about nine miles away; a case in which he was personally

We Carved a Site out of the Wilderness, Lukoshi, September, 1911

interested. The chief is the judge in this country, so in this case—as is not infrequent—Kazembe was both judge and defendant. He asked me for a present of a certain kind of cloth. I did not have what he wanted, but he finally saw a red bandana handkerchief and wanted that. He took it, snatched the hat from off the head of one of my boys, put the red handkerchief around the hat and went away laughing, as we thought because he considered his getting the hat as a good joke. We learned later that the wearing of the red was his way of declaring war, for before the day was done he had shot down his enemy and that whole section of country was in a state of war. As one of our ten workmen was a son of the murdered man, and the others were relatives or subjects, they were horror stricken and overwhelmed with grief at the dastardly deed and went back to mourn and to fight, if need be. So again, we were left with no workmen except our own small force.

The very first day that we moved to our mission site, while yet everything was in confusion, Sanyangala brought a native visitor to me saying that he was a Lunda proper and spoke the Luunda. So we immediately sat down on a fallen log and worked out a trans-

lation of a Chindembwe hymn into the Luunda, sung to the tune of the Sweet By and By. It was the first hymn ever translated or written in the Lunda language and has always been very popular.

Linguistically, Kazembe's village was a sort of half-way station between the Lunda and Chindembwe languages, for which the Congo-Zambesi Divide was the boundary line, just as it is between Northern Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo. In the northwestern section of Northern Rhodesia the language is Chindembwe, though it has been considered as Lunda by many Europeans and is loosely so called by the people themselves.

The confusion in the name of the language has arisen evidently from the fact that the once powerful Lunda chief, Mwata Yamvo, conquered the Andembwe and incorporated them into the Lunda Empire and they were called Lunda.

Very probably the conquering warriors remained in the land and took the Andembwe women as their wives. But in all lands the speech of the mothers becomes the speech of the children and so, in this case, it is the Chindembwe, and not the Lunda, which has been perpetuated.

At Lukoshi, as in many other villages of the Belgian Congo just within the border, the men were mostly Alunda and these spoke and understood the Lunda language. But their wives were largely Andembwe and the common speech was rapidly becoming Chindembwe. Many of the children were quite unable to understand their fathers' language, though they held the Luunda in high esteem and admiration and considered it a marked accomplishment to be able to speak it.

The European governments have greatly modified the nature and extent of native rule. So while the Andembwe in Rhodesia still say that Mwata Yamvo is their chief, they no longer pay him any tribute or give him any service nor have any vital connection with him whatever. There is a stronger bond between the Andembwe subjects in the Congo, but they are so far away and have so little to fear from failure to obey his commands, that they, too, fail to meet any of the demands of their paramount chief. Kazembe, although ruling chief of this Lukoshi province of the Lunda kingdom, for several years now had failed so far to send a present or tribute to Mwata Yamvo, which tribute was formerly required annually.

At Kalulua, since we did not come in contact with any natives speaking the Lunda language, we were not able to do any language work. Here we found the Luunda quite generally understood and spoken by the older people, so we were able to enter with vigor at once into the reduction of this language to writing.

The building of a mission station means more than the putting up of poles and plaster and getting roofs over heads. It means establishing and advancing every phase of mission work.

Two days after our arrival at Lukoshi, a very surprising and important incident occurred which meant much to our new mission and to one of our boys. The reader will perhaps remember the two boys, Kitchen and Songoro, of whom I told in The Heart of Central Africa. These two boys went across with us to Angola, where they remained in school for nearly three years. At the end of that period, we had them sent by boat to Cape Town, as it was not safe at that time to send them back alone across country by trail. As we mentioned previously, we met them in Cape Town and took them along with us.

The youngest of the four boys was Songoro,

a lad of stormy temperament, who was most devoted at times and at others sullen and very trying to handle. During our year at Kansanshi and Kalulua, Songoro was a veritable thorn in the flesh. Most of the time found him in a darkly sullen mood, obstinate as a donkey. He protested against staying any longer in school and his one cry was, "I want to return to my own people. I have not seen them for many years."

I finally told him that when we went to Elisabethville, I would take him along and then he could go on another three hundred miles and visit his own people. When we got there, he said that he would not go home empty handed, but wished to work and earn money so that he could take plenty of presents with him. I told him that he was free to do as he wished, and that if he ever desired to return to the school he would be welcome. He sullenly declared that he never intended to come to school again—*never*.

So we had to leave him. We knew that much of his restlessness was due to his age and hoped that when the period of adolescence was passed he might repent and return. Musondo, "Kitchen," did not wish to leave the school, but said that he felt that he must stay with his

brother Songoro. Therefore we left the two of them.

It was now the third day of our camp at Lukoshi, and just after lunch I asked Mrs. Springer if she wished to go down with me to the river where it would be necessary to put a second bridge, and where now there was a tree felled across on which it was possible for the natives to cross, although it was under water and very slippery and dangerous.

As we came through the thick jungle to the river bank, the boys who were with us exclaimed in one breath, "Songoro!" I looked, and there on the other side was Songoro indeed. He hastily let himself down the steep bank and began to dip up the water in his hand to slake his thirst. He was hot, dusty, and very tired, and so overcome with emotion that he could hardly speak. Later on in the cool of the day when he had eaten and rested he told me his story.

He said that after we left Elisabethville he got work as a table waiter in a good family and thought he would be happy. But one night there came to him, as of an audible voice, the question, "Songoro, what is this you want? You want money. When you get the money and buy a box and fill it full of clothes and

blankets and everything you want, what then? What will all these things profit you if you lose your own soul thereby? Your place is with your teacher in the Mission school, not here."

He could not get away from this thought. He felt that if he stayed in Elisabethville he would lose his soul, and he suddenly discovered that that was the one thing that he wanted most to save. He went up to Musondo and said, "Musondo, I want to go back to Mr. Springer." Musondo, who had left on Songoro's account, was in no mood to listen now to his sudden resolve to return.

"Give me my money," said Songoro, for he had asked Musondo to keep some of his wages which I had paid him. Musondo refused.

"Give me my blankets," he demanded. Still Musondo refused.

Waiting until Musondo was busy on some errand for his new Belgian master, Songoro found his blankets hidden in the master's bedroom and, taking them, left the house, setting his face toward the west. He could not follow us, as we had taken a route unknown to him, a path entirely within the Belgian Congo, so he started back by the way he had come.

At the traction road he asked a white man

for work on one of the engines, telling him who he was and where he was going.

"All right, I will let you work on my engine to Kansanshi. I know Mr. Springer, for I am an American too," said he. So this man from Port Huron gave the boy work during the five or six days' journey to Kansanshi, and then gave him ten shillings to buy food the rest of the way; a truly generous act.

At Kansanshi Songoro joined the post boys, but before very long his money was gone. What should he do? He asked his Heavenly Father to feed him. The next day as he was going along he smelled meat and leaving the path soon found a dead animal that Dr. Fisher had shot a few days before, but had not been able to find. He cut up the animal and carried away all the meat he could stagger under, and was able to exchange this in the villages for meal, and thus he was provided with food until he reached Mr. Heinkel, near Kalulua, when he was all right again.

There was no doubt in our minds as to Songoro's conversion. He was a new boy indeed. He would always be impulsive, but he became a true follower of the Master. When he was baptized we gave him the name of Peter, which character he so much resembled.

This story would be incomplete without another reference to Musondo. He stayed in Elisabethville and lost his soul. We have never seen him since. But we have reports of him that show that he fell before the temptations of that wicked town.

CHAPTER V

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS AND ITINERATING

For the first week, we looked with hopeful hearts for the meal which Kazembe said he had sent for and which he daily expected to arrive. It never came and we have a strong suspicion that when meal did come in from his villages Kazembe kept it for his own use. We had not been there long before we learned that food was indeed scarce.

Food we must have for our own boys and for the four extra workmen who had stayed with us. It is customary to ration the natives two pounds of meal a day, with beans or something as a relish to eat with the mush that is cooked therefrom. So while we had a small force of about a dozen boys, twenty-four pounds of meal a day soon made a big hole in a bag.

All our buying here, as elsewhere in the interior, has to be done by barter and no one who has not had experience can believe how much trouble this is. In the first place styles

change among the natives as they do in the home lands. It may be all the rage to wear white calico or white beads one year and the next they cannot be given away. And we suffered much during our first few months at Lukoshi because we did not have the latest styles in beads and cloth. This is particularly interesting when the calico was not worn for warmth and, as far as we could see, scarcely any of it was on show. Most of it seemed to be used to pay up debts, fines, etc. But whatever use the natives made of it, our trade cloth did not suit them and they would not bring food to buy it.

So after Mr. Heinkel finally reached Lukoshi with the last of our loads, I decided to take some of our boys and go out into the surrounding villages and buy food, thus getting acquainted with the people and the country at the same time. I had to go at least ten miles to find any quantity of food, which meant that I had to stay over night in every case. We were too short of boys for me to take along a tent and it is not safe to sleep in native houses as they are infested with a species of tick called a tanpan. The bite of this tanpan causes a low and obstinate type of fever which is far more serious than malaria. So I slept

out in the open, usually under the native granaries where I was exposed to the malarial infected mosquito, not to mention other physical discomforts. I succeeded in getting a little meal.

We had brought one goat with us, Nannie, who had trotted along the trail with the caravan for two weeks. Then one day Kazembe came over and presented us with a young Billy. As we were accepting his present, we heard a snort and there stood Nan on the top of an anthill looking down with wrath in her eyes. No sooner was the unfortunate little beast tied to a tree than she set upon him. Fearing that she would kill him were he left tied, we let him loose and for about three days the two fought as only goats can fight. Billy's horns bled and he must have had the headache many a time, but he had plenty of grit and finally Nan accepted him as a friend and comrade. Which was quite otherwise with the sheep.

One day Kanuka brought a half-starved sheep to us to sell. He said it was so poor because they had had to keep it in for fear some of their enemies would steal it. Under any other circumstances than the ones we were in, I should never have dreamed of buying it. But he assured me that it would soon begin

to fatten on the new grass which was coming on and so I bought it.

But that sheep was the biggest fool I have ever seen. It would not stay near the goats and it was an hour's job every night to get it into the goat house for the necessary safety. We had that sheep for more than a month but never succeeded in teaching it anything. Neither did it fatten. Also it took to wandering off by itself.

One day about five o'clock, Mr. Heinkel said to one of the pickaninnies, "You go now and bring in the sheep." He started rather unwillingly, though he was the best of them all at getting hold of its long rope and bringing it in. Soon the other boys who were thatching on the roof said that the boy had called for help. As it was quite a common thing to need two or sometimes three to get that sheep home, another boy was detailed to help him.

Then there came another yell and the boys said that there was a leopard, so a dash was made toward the river, taking our guns along. We found the two boys in trees, but no sign of the leopard and not much left of the sheep. Financially, that sheep was a dead loss: but as a valuable illustration, we never had a better one. The most willful boy could not refrain

a grin when that fool sheep was brought to his mind. We never regretted the money, though it was hard to lose it at the time.

On August 29 came the shooting of Nyahamba by Kazembe to which I have already referred. The incidents and causes of the shooting dated back a few years to a time when one of Nyahamba's wives ran away from him and appealed to Kazembe. She stated her grievance and Kazembe told her to remain in his village and he would settle the matter with Nyahamba.

When Nyahamba came to get his wife, a lengthy palaver followed and in the end Kazembe demanded of Nyahamba a fine of two guns and two slaves to be paid over in order to get his wife back. The price was exorbitant in the extreme, but it was the only way that Nyahamba could get possession of his truant wife and so he paid it. But, as Uncle Remus says of Brer Rabbit, he laid low. Nyahamba was a Chokwe and the Chokwe were not used of late years to taking orders from the Lunda, but since they were in the minority in this section they thought it wise to submit for the time being.

Now it came to pass that about the time we arrived at Lukoshi, one of Kazemba's young

men was strolling along the path to a village beyond Nyahamba's with a rooster under his arm, probably for barter. On the way he passed through some gardens belonging to Nyahamba's wives and being hungry he did a very unusual thing: he dug up a small cassava root and began to eat it as he went along. The root was not worth more than half a cent and the lad went on merrily without a shadow of concern.

But here was the chance that Nyahamba wanted to start a quarrel, and he demanded the rooster in payment of the cassava root, since it had been stolen, not bought. Of course the youth roundly refused to pay a hundred times as much as the root was worth, but Nyahamba insisted.

Finally seeing that there might be serious consequences, the youth said, "All right, here is the cock and the matter is settled."

"Not so," said Nyahamba. "If you had paid in the first place, it would have been, but you have waited so long and given so much cheek that now you must pay four pieces of calico of eight yards each." The native word for one of these pieces is a *chilala.*

Then the matter had to go to Kazembe and nearly a month was spent in sitting on the

case. In matters of this kind, the native will not be hurried. He loves to indulge in long oratorical and dramatic speeches. And in this case, no sooner did Kazembe agree to settle the case at one figure, than Nyahamba put up his price until at length he had made a demand for three guns and two slaves. The reader will note now that he was getting back what he had had to pay, with interest. And from this figure he absolutely refused to budge.

So when Kazembe found that he must pay this sum in order to settle the matter at all amicably, he took his men and went out to the village nearest Nyahamba's where again there was a palaver. At last Nyahamba got up in disgust to leave for his own village, when Kazembe's men, in accordance with previous orders, fired a cowardly shot into his back, and he fell dead.

Then Nyahamba's people demanded the life of the man who shot him and the whole country was up in arms for nearly a month or more until at last the remnants of Nyahamba's small village moved away. But for a year or more Kazembe's people were afraid that Nyahamba's brother would return and avenge his death. And he may do this even after ten or twenty years.

I have gone into the details of this case as it is such a typical one of that section of country.

The following Sunday after we had had our service in his village, every man with his gun in his hand to prevent surprise, Kazembe launched into a long and heated defense of his action, stating that he had acted judicially "after the manner of their custom since they left the capital of Mwata Yamvo." This made our food question worse than ever, since we had been getting our meal from these Chokwe villages some ten miles to the north, and now we were shut off from them.

From the time of our arrival we had heard of the great quantities of food at Ifunda, thirty-five miles to the southwest. So Mrs. Springer and I decided to make an evangelistic trip there and buy meal at the same time.

Since we could get no carriers, Mrs. Springer had to walk, and as she developed a very sore toe from a jigger under the nail, when at the farthest point away from home, she had a hard time walking back, and it took a whole month after her return for the toe to heal.

We found several large villages among which was one whose chief was called Mpumba. He was a true Lunda and the Luunda was the

common speech of his people. We very much enjoyed a night's stay at his large village. We bought several bags of meal there, and all day and late into the evening there was a crowd around our tent all keen to give us Luunda words, hear what we had to say, learn our one or two hymns in Luunda, and in every way show us all courtesy and friendliness. We went away with the mental picture of swarms of little children who might be won to God, the songs of women pounding their meal, men weaving baskets and making fish nets, and of the merry little stream through which we gladly waded on that hot September day before we could reach the village. We had seldom seen a village which so attracted us as this one, with its kindly-faced chief and the gladsome ring of childish laughter throughout the place. It is such scenes as this which make the passing traveler feel that the heathen are always happy and laughing and glad, and that they do not need the gospel. There is quite another side which we saw at this same village just a year later—quite another side, indeed.

On this trip, we came across a group of women at one of the rivers. They were gathering large quantities of a certain weed, which they were burning to get salt from the ashes.

Salt is very scarce in this section of the country, but even when they can buy salt easily, the natives like that which comes from these weeds, as it combines other chemicals as well. This weed grew in the marshy land along the river. There is a weed in the rivers, not unlike seaweed in appearance, which they also gather, dry, and burn for the salt.

While we were wonderfully pleased with our visit to Mpumba, we were equally disappointed in our visit to Katarumba, who proved to be a Chokwe chief with a great many Luena people in his large village. He had just moved to a new site and so his people had very little food at hand to sell. We had passed his old village and noticed that it had been heavily stockaded. Katarumba was an old slaver and took no chances on a surprise from his foe. He was on the very border of the Portuguese territory and had done a flourishing business in slaves and rubber. He was drunk the day we got there, and from his appearance, I should judge that that was a chronic condition of many years' standing. He looked to be and undoubtedly was an old villain.

This section of country is called Ifunda. It derives its name from the prevalence of a certain kind of jungle thicket so dense as to be

impassable unless a path is cut through. This kind of country is wonderfully adapted to the raising of cassava and to guerilla warfare. It suits the slave-raiding and outlaw chiefs and their people to a nicety. But as one travels through that dense forest, it does not take a very vivid imagination to feel that every mile is marked with tragedy, murder, and pillage. It is a dark jungle for dark men of dark deeds.

I should have liked to remain on the station and expedite the work there, for the rains were already due and our house was building very slowly. But the need for carriers and for food necessitated my making another trip, this time into Angola, in Portuguese territory.

Kazembe gave me Chidiani, whom he called his nephew, but who we learned a year later was only his slave, to go with me to tell the men in the villages to go and carry for me. Chidiani declared that he was equal to anything and started out with a great show of pomp and power. When we came to a village, we would sit down, and after the preliminaries were over I would call on Chidiani to give the chief's message. With much oratory he would then tell the men assembled that the chief said that they were to furnish me carriers. Then the local head men would begin to tell of the work

that each and every man in the village had on hand and at the end Chidinai would give me a hopeless look and say, "You see how it is. There is no hope here: we must go on to the next town." The ultimate result was that we got no carriers. Chidiani as a recruiting agent was worse than useless.

One reason for the failure to get carriers at this time was that there were several circumcision camps in progress along this route.

Among the Alunda, as among many, if not most other Bantu tribes, there is a very rigid custom of circumcision. Until after this ceremony, the boys are not allowed to eat with their elders nor enjoy many other associations which markedly belong to adults. After this ceremony they are considered full-fledged adults and permitted to take their places at the counsels and other notable occasions of village life.

Once a year all the boys between twelve and fourteen years of age are gathered approximately a mile or so from the village—far enough to ensure seclusion and near enough to facilitate feeding them—and are kept in these camps about a month. During this time they have a course of lectures by their elders and some of the instruction is very good, deal-

ing as it does with the responsibilities they will have as members of the tribe and family. There are other features which are less beneficial and some that are exceedingly pernicious. We find that many of the boys are quite willing and even prefer to have this rite done by a Christian physician, and certainly this is far better for the boy.

On my stumbling on a circumcision camp one evening, the boys fled precipitately and I was asked by the older men who were in charge to retire, as visitors were not allowed. Women also are rigidly excluded from these camps until after the camp is broken up, when the whole village celebrates with an all night's dance.

On this trip I decided to press on south across the national boundary between the Congo and Angola, formed by the Congo-Zambesi watershed. Right in the northeast corner about ten miles from both the Congo and Rhodesian borders was a little trading post called Mbumba. Two years previously there had been some fourteen stores in this place and I thought that possibly I might be able to buy some trading goods there. But I now found only two traders left and they were doing very little business.

A few years previously there had been an area of perhaps about one hundred and fifty miles square, including the three corners of Northern Rhodesia, Angola, and the Belgian Congo, which was, to all intents and purposes, no-man's land. There was rubber in this section, though most of it was found in the Congo section. However, the natives from Angola and Rhodesia went up there and gathered their rubber and then went over to the Portuguese and sold it. The natives told me that they had until recently found there a market for slaves as well, and that seems to be pretty well authenticated.

But in 1907, Major Boyd Cunningham on behalf of the Tanganyika Concessions Limited, a prospecting company for minerals, had opened up a transport route twelve hundred miles in length between Benguella on the west coast and Ruwi on the Lualaba River, and had brought in several ox-wagon loads of goods, machinery, and supplies from the west coast following approximately the old slave trail most of the way. The Britishers had made it hot for any Portuguese caught with slave caravans and put a greater damper on that nefarious business.

But in 1909-1910 there was a tremendous

boom in rubber, and although it was illegal to export rubber from either Rhodesia or the Congo without paying export duty, neither of these sections had come under the control of their respective governments, and the natives poured in a stream into Mbumba and the Portuguese traders there flourished.

But there had come officials into this corner and a slump in rubber into the outside world so that by this time, 1911, the rubber trade was very low indeed, and the two Portuguese traders left at Mbumba scarcely made a living, if they did that.

This no-man's land has not to this day been thoroughly administered by the three governments concerned, least of all by the Portuguese, and the process will be necessarily a slow one though we are glad to report progress.

At first, the natives were determined not to be under the control of Europeans. They preferred their accustomed methods of living, precarious as they were. So when the British official tried to register his people, they skipped over the border into the Congo.

Pretty soon the Belgian official came along and as soon as they got wind of his coming, back they scooted into Rhodesia. Then when these two governments began to cooperate and

the nets were more tightly drawn around the natives, they decided that Angola was the land of freedom and moved over there.

This suited the Angola natives to a nicety. When any of them had a debt to pay with slaves, they simply raided the villages of the new-comers and took some of these people, either holding them to be ransomed at an enormous price or selling them outright.

So there has steadily grown the idea that it is better to live in Rhodesia and enjoy a measure of security and pay a tax of ten shillings a year than to live in Angola and never know what is going to happen next.

We found that Kazembe and his people had never paid any taxes and they were very apprehensive of the day when they would have to do so. They were casting about for some method whereby they could enjoy the protection of the Belgians without paying their taxes.

What a wild and woolly country this no-man's land was as it unfolded itself before our eyes and to our better understanding!

CHAPTER VI

FLOODS AND FEVER

THE first shower struck Lukoshi on the 29th of September, and although we had pushed our building operations as rapidly as our crippled condition would allow, we were still in tents and unprepared for the rainy season.

Mrs. Springer and Mr. Heinkel were on the station on that date and I had gone to a group of villages to the north to get more meal. I had slept on the ground that night under a granary and fortunately for me, being ten miles away, we got only the tail end of the shower.

When I reached home the next afternoon, I found my wife sitting amidst dire confusion on our veranda among boxes and chairs. It was not exactly an ideal picture of "Home, Sweet Home," but we both were thankful that at least the roof was on and that it was fairly water-tight. And I was glad to undress and get into a bed that evening even though it was made on a pile of grass in the corner of the

bedroom on the floor. After all it might have been worse.

For a week the air had been very sultry and there had been mutterings of thunder all around us so that we had expected rain any day or night, and had got the most of our loads in under the roof on the back veranda.

On this day it had been particularly sultry, and when Mrs. Springer and Mr. Heinkel had their four o'clock tea, a welcome and really necessary bit of refreshment in that climate, they spoke of the probability of a shower; but, after all, it seemed less likely that one would occur than it had for a week, so no further preparations were made for it.

At five o'clock, however, it began to sprinkle, but in such large drops that there was no reason to suppose it would amount to anything. Mrs. Springer went over to the little shelter, but in a few minutes it began to drip like a sieve, so she went to our tent and had hardly got inside before a tropical tornado burst on the place in all its fury.

The tent rocked and swayed before the wind and streams of water began to trickle in through the holes that had been eaten out of the roof by the mischievous crickets. The thunder and lightning were terrific and hail

pelted noisily on the steel poles. The daylight had suddenly been swallowed up in the blackness of the storm, and then, as another wave of angry tempest surged from the northeast, the tent was lifted as by the hands of a mighty monster and then collapsed, burying Mrs. Springer under its wet, clammy folds.

"I concluded," she remarked humorously, "that it was about time for me to be moving, so I crawled out as best I could from under the wet, heavy folds of the tent and made a bolt through the downpour for the house several yards distant. Here I found Mr. Heinkel and all the boys looking for all the world like so many wet chickens standing on one foot after being caught in a shower."

It was quite dark already, only relieved by the blinding flashes of lightning. It had grown very cold too during the hailstorm. The collapse of the tent and the sudden fury of the storm had caused her to go out without first getting a wrap and she thought she would go inside the house to see if it was warmer there. Alas! we had not yet filled in the floors on the inside of the house nor dug a drain ditch at the back, so she stepped into six inches or more of icy water which did not add to her comfort.

After another half hour the storm abated a trifle and Mr. Heinkel was able to get to a bale of trading blankets which they gratefully used to wrap around themselves. There wasn't a dry chip nor a dry piece of wood in the house, but about seven o'clock the fury of the storm had passed over so that the boys were able to cast about and, in spite of wet wood, to make two fires, one in each bedroom. It was necessary for them to occupy our bedroom that night, and as Mr. Heinkel's tent was flooded and his bed soaking wet, for him to occupy the other. At eight o'clock Mrs. Springer's tent was set up again and the middle of her bed was found to be dry. They had some smoky tea by an awfully smoky fire and then she went to bed.

As I said, the center of her bed, which was on a pile of grass, was dry, an island around which was an inch or so of water. But the next day was bright and sunny so that all the blankets and soaked contents of bags and boxes could be dried.

So when I arrived, I found her in the midst of trunks and all sorts of other impedimenta which had just been moved up to the house, as it was evident that we could no longer remain in safety in our tent.

The next day I hastily nailed a few poles together and we filled a mattress, which Mrs. Springer had made from native cloth with grass, and, crude and clumsy as it was, we rejoiced in the luxury of a bed of a sort after five months of sleeping on the ground.

We slept in the room planned for my study, and the work of plastering our bedroom and filling in its earthen floor was pushed rapidly and fires were kept burning to dry it as rapidly as possible. It was necessary for me to build a leopard-proof goat house, for we now had several goats which were supplying our table with milk. I could hardly drive myself to do the work, I felt so utterly weary, but Mr. Heinkel was pushing the work on the house for all he was worth, and so there was no other way to get the goats cared for than to do it myself. Then, too, I had to send Mr. Heinkel down to Ifunda to get meal and to try to get carriers, but he returned without being able to get either. The situation was exceedingly depressing.

I realized that I must again go forth and make one more desperate effort in the matter of food and men, but before going it was important to get Mrs. Springer installed in the east bedroom, though it was still wet with a

fresh coat of plaster and the new-made mud floor. But we kept a fire burning in the center of the room which somewhat mitigated the dampness.

While I was gone Mrs. Springer tried to get the house into a somewhat homelike appearance. We had no doors nor windows at all, so the first day after I left she wrote in her diary, "I have felt wonderfully fit all day [two days previously she had been in bed]. Moved my bed and made canvas curtains for the two doors, and had Mutombo put a shelf in the back room for our boxes" (to keep them off the floor and safe from the white ants, or termites).

A few days later she made a desperate effort to get the dining-room in shape for my home-coming and wrote, "I quite overdid to-day; I was so keen to get the dining-room to look like a room rather than a barn." (We had so far been eating on the veranda while the dining-room was being floored and plastered.) "I nailed a lot of pole legs into boxes and then I nailed two of them together with boards so that I got a very respectable sideboard. Two more boxes fitted into the bay window for the letter trays, typewriter, etc." Incidentally she mentions three loads of meal which arrived

from me, then, "Songoro stepped on a knife this evening and cut quite a gash in his heel."

O those weary, weary days! Even now, after four years and transported thousands of miles away from these scenes, though in bustling, luxurious America, we can still feel the chronic ache of nerves and muscles of those days as we review those experiences. Pioneering in mission work has its romance, but it is chiefly in *prospect* and *retrospect*, the reality being one of plodding, yet interesting, routine.

For weeks we had all toiled incessantly through sultry heat and unutterable physical discomfort. But now our house was at least habitable, the boys were under roofs, and the goats in a leopard-proof pen, the schoolroom was ready and we looked forward to opening school on Monday morning.

On Sunday we held our first service in the new schoolhouse and had the Holy Communion. Kazembe and a large crowd were over at the service. I found myself in an unusually emotional mood, and at the end of the service realized that I had fever and had to go to bed. This was my first touch of fever since 1907, on that trip across the continent, when only one hundred and twenty-five miles due east of our present site, then all terra incognita to us.

My temperature speedily ran up to 104°, and it was several hours before I could be brought to perspire, and it did not then get down to normal. The next morning it started up again and went higher still. The third day it was still above 101°, but on the fourth day I seemed all right. Mr. Heinkel now had to go to bed with fever and Mrs. Springer was having all she could do to keep out of bed. I got up and sat on the veranda while the grass was taken out of our mattress and sunned. One can hardly believe how damp it was from my excessive sweating.

That night I was very restless and the room seemed stifling. This illness was due to long weeks of exposure and overwork, the sleeping in native villages with neither mosquito nets nor proper shelter and, on my last trip, running out of a supply of quinine. As I lay on my bed I felt as if I should go mad if I lay there any longer. Mrs. Springer was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, so I stole out quietly, wrapped myself in my dressing-gown and read for an hour before she awoke and persuaded me to return to bed.

The next morning was rainy, and Mr. Heinkel was still confined to his bed with fever, so Mrs. Springer took the school in the

forenoon. I got up about noon and ate lunch with her, but before I had finished I was seized with another chill. I soon learned that I had the dreaded hæmaturic or blackwater fever. Noting the fact to my wife, I took her in my arms saying, "We are in the hands of God and can but leave the issue with him." Then we knelt down and in a few words committed our case to the Great Physician, and I went to bed, not to get out again for more than a month.

We now realized to the full our isolation. Our nearest white neighbor was the government official seventy miles east at Kayoyo, and the nearest physician was Dr. Fisher at Kaleni Hill, eighty miles distant over in Northern Rhodesia. It was useless to send for him, as he could not get there in less than eight days under the best conditions, while now the flooded rivers made the trail almost impassable.

None of us had ever had any experience with a case of hæmaturia. We had one of the two standard remedies with us, having kept ourselves provided with it for years. But unfortunately vomiting set in so that the medicine would not remain long enough in the stomach to take action. All that long afternoon and through the longer night, Mrs.

Springer fought with death. Over in the west room Mr. Heinkel lay too ill to be of any assistance. I myself was barely conscious of anything but excruciating pain, broken by vomiting spells, after which I would relapse into delirium. As no medicine would stay on my stomach, there was but one thing to do, and so for ten or twelve hours I was bathed from head to foot, carefully avoiding any chance of chill. At eleven that night the thermometer registered 105° and over, but at midnight I began to perspire and the next problem was to change my drenched clothing rapidly enough to prevent another chill. By morning all my changes of night clothes had been drenched and Mrs. Springer had to borrow from Mr. Heinkel.

But before noon that day the hemorrhage had ceased, though the vomiting continued unabated for nearly a month, being provoked afresh by the slightest thing. The most upsetting thing was our Billy goat with his strong musk odor. If he passed the house within thirty feet and the wind was houseward it would set me into a violent fit of vomiting.

Now fresh milk is one of the first articles of diet a fever patient can take, and there is nothing more easily digested usually than goat's

milk. We were getting a good supply from our two milking goats, but it seemed to me that the goat odor was most pronounced. Perhaps my imagination was working overtime, but each attempt to drink the goat milk only brought on fresh nausea.

Absolute quiet and freedom from care is a necessary part of convalescence from fever, but this was impossible in my case. There being neither doors nor windows nor ceilings, and as the partitions of the rooms only went up to the height of the walls, I could hear everything that was going on inside and outside the house. I simply could not shake off the burden of responsibility which rested upon me. It was also necessary for me to call in Mr. Heinkel from time to time in order to consult about the work and to tell my wife of some important letters which must be written. It is hardly necessary to add that all of these occasions were followed by exhaustion and attacks of vomiting.

School had begun the next morning after I was taken sick, but it had to be looked after by Mr. Heinkel when he was well enough, and when he too was ill with fever, Jacob and Jim did their best to keep things going.

My thought was also concerned with the

problem of getting the further supplies that were necessary. Now that the rains were on in earnest, all thought of getting the carriers that I had been seeking to go down to the railroad for supplies had to be abandoned. Parcel post was now our only hope, and it was our temporal salvation for the year and a half that we remained at Lukoshi. One of the things that had to be done during my illness was the making out and sending our initial orders to the stores at Bulawayo, one thousand miles distant. The Belgian post route through Kayoyo was not opened up for a long time after we came to Lukoshi, so we got our mail from Dr. Fisher's station, which had been made a government post office, as mission stations frequently are in the remote interior.

While I lay there on my back the rains continued to fall in force and the rivers to rise. The bridge at the east of our grounds was first swept away and then the one at the west. On one occasion before I was up, at about sundown, there was a shout from the opposite bank and there stood two mail boys from Kaleni. But how to get the mail over. "Run and get the bath," commanded Mrs. Springer. The boys got our smaller tin bath and Songoro and Kalinswiki, who were excellent swimmers,

towed it across the river for two trips, thus bringing all the mail over by this unique method.

And as the rains fell and the rivers swelled, vegetation fairly jumped, and millions of insects sprang into being. Our garden seeds sprouted and appeared, only to be instantly devoured by the hosts of insects that seemed to be just waiting for them.

Only the brakes and grass defied this voracious army and the superiority of man. We had not been able to cut away much of the forest around our house before I was taken ill, and I shall never forget the powerful impression made upon me in those days of weakness, as though the wilderness would press in on and crowd upon, overwhelm, and smother us. When I had gone to bed there was practically no grass to be seen and our station site had been hoed so that it was bare of vegetation. On the first day that I was up and looked through the open door, the sight of that mass of brakes and grass nearly two feet high scarcely a yard away from the veranda, seemed to my weakened body like some great monster fairly holding me by the throat.

From my earliest years in Africa, in clearing building sites, subduing gardens, making

and maintaining paths and roads, and otherwise introducing the conditions of civilized life, I have ever been impressed with what I can no better describe than the strength, the challenging vitality of primitive and as yet unsubdued Africa.

But strong and vital as is nature in Africa, there is in man a greater strength and vitality, that of the spirit; and in all parts of Africa men are meeting the challenge and subduing the wilderness in obedience to God's first command to man. And though often individually beaten back and even overcome by the Grim Messenger, yet collectively man flashes back the challenge and advances steadily as a conqueror, aided by the facilities of industry and the knowledge of modern science.

And in me in those days, as returning strength began to pulsate in my veins, there arose the answer to nature as I looked out through the open doorway, that we would conquer and subdue her and make her great vitality and resources subservient to man.

Serious as I knew that illness to be, my spirit never for a moment despaired of recovery and I learned afresh the mighty lesson of the essential mastery of mind over matter, of spirit over nature, and of God over all and in all.

CHAPTER VII

LANGUAGE STUDY

The rest of 1911 was one of continual sickness of one or two of our party. I had hardly got out of bed when Mrs. Springer went in for ten days of hard fever. At Christmas I had an ulcerated tooth and a face like a gorilla. It is hardly possible to have a "Merry Christmas" under such conditions. Just at the close of my illness, Mr. Heinkel had a severe attack of fever and for two or three days Mrs. Springer feared that he had blackwater as well. It was an anxious time for her, with myself helpless in the east end of the house and with him sick abed in the west end.

But with the passing out of the old year, there came a happy change in the tide of our affairs. The last day of the old year came on Sunday and the new era was then ushered in with the baptism of Songora, who took the Christian name of Peter, his prototype. We had the Holy Communion for the first time since that other Sunday when I had to take to

my bed, and we all thanked God and took fresh courage.

On New Year's Day Kazembe came over with a present of meal; an act so unusual as to be worthy of note. The food situation was somewhat relieved now by getting meal and salt through Mr. Frykberg of Kalulua, seventy miles away. Of course it made the expense of living very high indeed, but was unavoidable at that time.

On January 8th the first Lunda boy came to the school. He had been hanging around for some time doing odd jobs for Jim, receiving in payment an old shirt in which his little figure was nearly swallowed up. He was a funny looking lad, mere skin and bones, from scant feeding. His name was Kapenda. We did not have the remotest idea that he would stay a whole month, but he is still in the Mission after four years. While Mrs. Springer was working on the revision of the Luunda translation of Mark at Kambove in 1914, Kapenda was one of her best helpers. At present writing he is with Dr. and Mrs. Piper at Mwata Yamvo's.

Two days after this a man came from the village and said he wanted a job to teach us Luunda, so we hired him on the spot. What

with all our building and illness, we had not made great headway in reducing the language to writing. The only work along this line ever accomplished was a very meager portion; done, more than twenty-five years before, by Senhor Cavalho, a Portuguese. He had made his study of Luunda on an expedition from the west coast to Mwata Yamvo, east of the Kassai River. Nevertheless, we found the little work he had done remarkably accurate and a great help to us in settling difficult questions, especially of grammar.

We had taken with us an Edison business phonograph, and we now had the natives speak into it, making Luunda records to which we listened, getting considerable benefit, though not as much as we would have gotten had we been able to get teachers who knew English as well. Our "teachers" knew Luunda all right, but they had not the remotest idea how to impart their knowledge, and they grew very tired of answering questions which seemed to them silly and pointless, but which were to us of vital importance. It was unfortunate that most of the natives who came to sell food spoke the Chindembwe rather than the Luunda, for consequently we did not have a chance to practice the language in our daily intercourse

with the natives. We have mentioned that Jacob, Jim, and Peter had spent nearly three years in our Angola missions near Malange, where they had learned the Kimbundu, which is a kindred language to the Luunda. Jacob was essentially a linguist and his help in the work of learning the Luunda was very valuable. In the earlier stages of our work, we found that we could make the greatest progress and produce the best results by translating the excellent Kimbundu versions into the Luunda. By this means we soon had the Lord's Prayer, the twenty-third psalm, several hymns, and part of the catechism for our daily use.

Although there has been so much written on the Bantu languages, there still remains much misconception of them in the popular mind. There is an idea that they must be a missing link between monkey language and the human speech. Nothing could be more erroneous. The Bantu languages follow most exact rules of grammar and are far more perfectly constructed than English and some of the European languages.

They are all noted for two things. *They are absolutely devoid of gender* and form their plurals by means of prefixes instead of suffixes.

They generally have ten to twelve classes of nouns and three classes of locative nouns, which are used instead of the English preposition. All these features are very bewildering to the new student of the Bantu, but when one has once mastered the fundamental principles of one Bantu language, it is a comparatively easy matter to learn another.

The first class is usually the one from which the word bantu is taken. *Muntu* is a man, often a head also, the generic term of man, that is, a person. *Bantu* is the plural. *Muti* is one tree; *miti* are two trees. *Chitanda,* one chair; *zitanda,* chairs. So far it is not so rough sailing. But in some of these classes, the original prefixes have been dropped in the word itself, but must appear in the other parts of the sentence, for it is another rule of all the Bantu languages that these prefixes must appear in the adjectives and verbs and take the place of many of the pronouns. Thus in Luunda, a good man is, *muntu muwampi;* good men, *antu awampi.* A good tree, *mutondo muwampi;* good trees, *mitondo miwampi.* A good ox, *ngombe yawampi;* good oxen, *ngombe zawampi.*

The first word in the translation of the Gospel of Mark, is an illustration of the locative classes. "In the beginning," is translated

"Kusambishe." Now the preposition "of" consists of "a" with the consonants of the prefix of the word to which it belongs. Therefore in the following sentence the preposition "of" is spelled in three different ways following an inflexible rule. "Kusambisha *kwa* rusangu *rwa* Jesu Kristu, Mwana *wa* Nzambi." "In the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

Just at this time we were intensely interested in the advent of three men from the north with a message from Mwata Yamvo to Kazembe that he was to send his tribute at an early date. They said that Mwata Yamvo had heard of us and had sent them to tell us also that he wanted a missionary to come to his town to teach his people. These men sat down and gave us several hours' help on the Luunda and at that time, as we have ever found since, there was shown the greatest gratification that we were taking up the study of the Luunda and making books out of it which could be taught to the youths of the country. As we got further into the language, we found it to be one of the best of the many Bantu languages, a delight to learn and to use.

We were decidedly limited at this time in our enjoyments and recreations. Part of the

time both our bridges were swept away and we were cut off from most of the near villages. So one of our diversions was the setting up of a marked stick at the river's edge and noting its rise and fall. The natives had built a large fish weir across the wide part of the river on the east side just below our first bridge, and the question as to when that dam would burst was the only real excitement we had for some weeks. We were quite gleeful when at last the mass of waters swept it down the river, even though it meant the carrying away of the west bridge, leaving us no connections with the other side. It also meant that we had to build two new bridges, which involved hard work. Nevertheless we got a lot of keen enjoyment out of watching the river, which seemed almost like a living thing in its varying moods and phases.

Speaking of the river, one day Kanuka, our Luunda teacher, came to me with an air of great secrecy. He had sought Jacob out first and explained the situation to him, and then the two came to me. He had caught an enormous fish, which he had brought (crossing the river about two miles below us on a tree that had been felled across the stream, and which was now covered with two or three feet of

Mwanagatwe Bringing in Mushrooms

Mr. and Mrs. Springer Starting on a Journey

Jim Baking Bread in Camp

Dentistry was an Incidental Profession

water), and he had hid the fish in the tall grass by a tree on the river bank in order to come up quietly and talk the matter over with us.

What he wanted to do was to sell us the fish. But the custom of the olden time had always been that whosoever caught one of these particular big "king" fishes must take it to the chief as a present, or be accused of witchcraft. This was the only one he had caught this year and he wanted the pay that he could get from it, but did not want to take any chance of being accused of witchcraft. I had him go and fetch it. It weighed twenty-four pounds and looked good to us, as we had been so hard pushed to get any kind of food since coming to Lukoshi. I assured Kanuka that according to the white man's law he had a perfect right to sell the fish and that I would not advertise the buying of it, so that he might be spared the charge of witchcraft. The result was that for the next two or three days everyone on our station had a good feed of fish. Our boys were quite successful fishers all through the rainy season.

Fetishism and witchcraft were the prevailing forms of religion, if such they could be called. At least these were the outward ex-

pressions which indicated the gropings of the soul within. One day Kazembe sent word to me that a certain witch doctor, the Nkishi, had come to his village and would give a dance the next day, and that if I wished to come over and see the performance I might.

Mr. Heinkel and I went over and, by the way, nearly got sunstroke from standing on a totally unshaded vlei to witness the dance. Why in the name of common sense he should have chosen the hottest and most uncomfortable place in that whole region, I have never been able to comprehend. In that forest country it was far easier to find a cool, shady spot for his performance than the hot one which he selected.

He was dressed in a pair of European trousers, a heavy, striped sweater, and had a large, heavy mask surmounted with feathers over his face. He had a sort of dressing room on the edge of the forest and Chidiani and another young buck acted as attendants.

Every man, woman, and child in that whole group of villages was gathered on that hot vlei and there was a thrill of expectancy and mystery over the whole place. The Nkishi would emerge, clad in his terrible looking garb, and dance till he was nearly suffocated and

exhausted, when he would retire and after a little rest come forth again. The dance was offensive, to put it very mildly. He kept this up for two or three days, impressing on the people the necessity of their holding to their old customs and rites. When he left he carried away with him a lot of rich presents in the way of cloth, guns, etc.

On the fifth of March we sent Jacob and Peter on an evangelistic trip to the north to explore that country, get acquainted with and preach to the natives, and investigate the report that had come to us through the natives that only four days north of us there was a store in charge of white men.

During the three weeks they were gone they endured no few hardships—it rained much of the time, they lost their way, and their guide fell ill and died. In spite of all this they returned with an enthusiastic account. Jacob had taken paper and pencil with him and, as instructed, made a map as he traveled, putting on every village, stream, lake, swamp, and anything else that would be of interest and importance, also the distances as he judged them. He computed the distances from his watch, allowing about three miles an hour. I went over this whole route later with compass,

bicycle, and cyclometer, and was surprised to find how accurate he had been.

He had found several large villages where the people were intensely interested in the Good News that he was the first to bring to them, and two of the sub-chiefs in particular were very eager to have us come and build near them.

He also found a store of the Kassai (Rubber) Co., and brought back a letter from the agent stating that we could buy salt, cloth, beads, and brass wire at the store; and what was more, I found that I could get it there cheaper than I could bring it in from the railroad. This for the next year was an untold blessing to us.

Jacob was at his best in evangelistic work. He had had a deep religious experience. He was a notable illustration of what Miss Mackenzie mentioned years ago when she said, "Only God can explain the miracle of resurrection in a native African soul, the joy where there has been such misery, the innocence where there has been such vice, the native youth where there has been such age-long iniquity, the immediate access to God where there has been such estrangement. There is an intimacy between God and the renewed African

soul which makes the missionary feel every now and then the twinge of the elder brother's jealousy as though left out of some happy secret."

Just after the return of Jacob and Peter an incident occurred which threw a gloom over our mission even as the murder of Nyahamba had done seven months before. It was on a Sunday and we had had an unusually good morning service and were in a very happy, cheerful mood. We three were sitting out on the front veranda pleasantly anticipating the announcement that dinner was on the table. You know the mood. The station was alive with the sounds of chattering, laughing groups of boys wandering around also waiting for their dinner.

One group of boys strolled by toward the west bridge—not that they intended to fish—O, no! but, at any rate, it would do no harm to just stroll down and see if they could see the fish from the top of the new bridge, that was all. In this group was a Mundembwe boy by the name of Chiwahi, a fine young lad.

Just a year previously, while passing through Chiwahi's village, his mother had brought the lad out and presented him to me saying, "Here is my boy and I want you to take

and teach him. We are too old to learn, for our heads are now thick. But I want you to take my boy along with you and let him learn."

So the lad had been with us a year and was making rapid progress in his classes, and in every phase of his temporal and spiritual life. He had a winsome personality. We often commented on his favorable progress.

Now as we sat there waiting for our welcome call, a terrible scream suddenly broke on the air and then another and another. What could it mean! We caught a glimpse of Chiwahi fairly flying up from the river bank to the compound, the others close at his heels. It didn't look like a row. What could it be?

Before we could make a move in the matter, Mwana Gatwe reached us on the run. He said that they had met two men down on the bridge and that these men had come to tell Chiwahi that a day or two before his father had been killed, a neighbor wounded, and his mother and all the children captured and taken away into slavery. A few minutes later the men came along and we learned from them that the story was all too true. Just then another boy came to say that Chiwahi had started to run to his village, so I hastily sent others to overtake him and bring him back, saying that I

would go early on the morrow, it being too late to start then, and would take Chiwahi along.

The rest of the day we were unable to think of anything but the horrible picture that had been put before us. I hastily collected a few articles of clothing, medicine, and bandages, a little food, a hoe and shovel, and taking nearly all the school along with me, started early the next morning for Chiwahi's village, about fifteen miles away.

Although we now had another bridge across the Lukoshi, I had to wade in water a half a mile on the other side. Then at the end of our journey I had to cross the river again to get to Chiwahi's village, another half mile of wading, together with crossing on a submerged log, and a quarter of a mile further on we came to the deserted village.

The sight was a ghastly one. Here were evidences of where a tolerably large party had made the attack and Chiwahi's father had been killed in the attempt to protect his family. One could see that there had been a desperate struggle, and pools of blood lay dried and blistered under the early afternoon sun. We found Chiwahi's father lying in his hut with the door heavily barricaded on the outside. His friends had carried him in there

after the attack, and then sent the two messengers to tell their chief Kazembe and Chiwahi.

The first thing to do was to bury the dead man, who had been dead already two days. While the boys were digging in the hard ground I went to the adjoining village, which had also suffered attack and where the headman had been shot through the arm near the elbow. The wound was in a fearful condition and I feared blood poisoning would set in. I dressed it carefully and tried earnestly to get the men of that village to bring him to the Mission where I could treat him. But the heathen usually know little of mercy and brotherly kindness, and they would not lift a finger to save the man's life when it meant any trouble to themselves. I slept that night in this little village and returned the next day to the Mission, but Chiwahi went on to tell his nearest of kin, his uncle, the dreadful news.

We all expected that in a week or two, or a month at the most, Chiwahi would return to the Mission and resume his place in the school. But matters arose of which mention will be made later, that first delayed and finally prevented his ever returning to us.

CHAPTER VIII

ON TO MWATA YAMVO

On May 17, just five years and four days after our setting out from Broken Hill to explore this unknown section of country for ourselves, we left Lukoshi to go to the capital of Mwata Yamvo.

In 1907 it had been impossible to penetrate the Lunda country to the capital on account of the activities of the cannibals throughout the whole southwest portion of the Congo.

In 1910, after reaching Kalulua, I spent nearly a week in vain attempts to get carriers to take me there.

In 1911, just after reaching Lukoshi, I found some Ambunda in one of the Chokwe villages who wanted me to go with them and help them rescue the daughter of one of the men who had been seized as a slave. As the Ambunda were principally the ones to prey on and enslave the Alunda, it was an exceptional case to have one of their own people caught.

I had agreed to go and help them and

planned then to press on to Mwata Yamvo's, and they promised to furnish the carriers, but when Kazembe killed Nyahamba the whole affair was off, since all the men in the region were needed at home to defend their own villages.

In all of these cases we sought to know the Divine will and plan as to time, and the events that followed made it clear to us.

We were now convinced that the time had come to go. Our present building operations could be cared for by Mr. Heinkel, and although I had not yet fully recovered from my illness, I felt that strength would be given me for that trip. The fact is that I was in bed with fever the week before starting, but as there are only three months when one can be certain of not having rain, it was necessary to go at that time or put it off until the next year.

I thought that I would have no difficulty whatever in getting carriers for the entire trip. Surely the young men would be only too glad to visit their paramount chief, making the journey under the protection of the white man. Then, too, Kazembe had been notified twice that he must bring his tribute, and he had especially requested me to go with him, which would also give him protection. He had most

of his tribute ready and we had waited a week or two for him, but he said that he was just waiting for some salt to add to his tribute and then he would go. However, when we were ready and I told him that we could wait no longer, he said that he had received word of a contemplated attack on him by one Chipepela and he dared not leave. Eventually Kazembe and his people ate the cow, the meal, and other portions of the tribute prepared for Mwata Yamvo, and to this day no tribute has been sent.

As usual, I got no help from Kazembe in procuring carriers. On the contrary he impressed on all his young men that they should not go with me, but wait for and go with him. I sent Jim out, but the best he could do was to engage two or three to go with me four days and then turn back. One of these men came a two days' journey to Lukoshi and then backed out before ever we started. Such a lot of faint-hearts as this country contained!

I had greatly desired to take the phonograph and get some records made by Mwata Yamvo himself, but there was no one to carry it. Had I not been confined to my bed by fever while all the preparations were being made, I might have gone out and had better success in getting

men. By leaving the phonograph and reducing our loads to such a minimum that we suffered for food on the road and were compelled much of the time to live on sour mush, we were finally able to get away from Lukoshi. Mrs. Springer had four carriers for her hammock, none of them of much account, and three of whom objected to the fourth, saying that he walked like a cow. We did not get away from our station until two in the afternoon and so had to camp six miles on, where we had a lively evening service with some twenty children who came out full of wonder to see us.

The next day we made only ten miles, as our carriers were too weak to make time. One man showed me his wrist as proof of his enfeebled condition. It was as small as a child's. I asked him why, when he and his family were actually starving, he would not work and earn food, but he shook his head and gave no answer. Nor can I give one. Many of those natives were starving and yet they would not work in any way to earn food either for themselves or for their children. And it was simply the neglect to dig gardens that had brought them to starvation.

At the next village, one of the carriers began to wail loudly, and his friends came to me and

said that he had just heard of his father's death and that he must return at once to mourn for him. Since he had just come from his father and had not been overtaken by anyone, we could not have a great deal of faith in what he said. But he wailed all night and all the next day, Sunday, till I finally told him that if he could get a substitute he could go. As to his friends' petition to go with him, I absolutely turned that down. They had agreed to go to Kimpuki and to Kimpuki they must go.

Mrs. Springer's machilla team was practically a farce. They did not have the strength, or thought they didn't, to carry her, so they were loaded up with odds and ends to relieve some of the others who had been loaded rather heavily on our start, and she had to walk about all the way.

We were now following the trail which Jacob had taken in March. There were four large towns between Lukoshi and Kimpuki besides many small villages. Jacob had found these people keen to hear about the object of the mission and he had talked and preached to the people until he was hoarse. And each chief wanted that we should come and build near him.

So we were obliged to go slowly, spending a

day and night at each village. We were especially taken with the chief Mpereta and his very large town. Mpereta was a very pleasant man, quiet, dignified, and conservative.

It is the custom when a white man comes to a village to first call for the chief. He then waits quietly until the chief appears and brings a present, usually of meal and fowls. There are cases where a goat or even an ox will be brought as a present, but in most parts of central Africa the present consists of native meal and native fowls, tiny half-grown bantams, skinny and full of pin feathers.

Mpereta brought out several baskets of good cassava meal and two fowls. He made the usual speech that he was ashamed of his insignificant present for the white man, but his was a small village and they were all poor. I accepted it with thanks and made a present of cloth, which I regretted to be the best I could do. Then I told the chief who I was and what my business was. Some of the white men came to his village to buy rubber: others to collect taxes. Those two things were all right in their way, but I had come for neither.

I always took a Bible with me and showing it to the chiefs, would explain that this was the revelation of the heavenly Father to men;

Mperete's was a Typical Village
Mperete Brought out His Present

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His letter to us, and so I had brought this letter from Him to them, and it was my business to teach them so that they could read His letter themselves and know the message their heavenly Father had sent to them. I would then briefly outline the salient features of the gospel and say, "But you will soon forget what the white man says to you. The best thing you can do is to send your boys to the school to learn so that they can return and read God's Book to you and keep His words ever before you."

I would then teach them a verse of a simple hymn, and by the time we left there would be at least that one verse committed to heart and they would have that as a reminder of the message I had brought.

In this case, there were fully one hundred and twenty-five as eager listeners as ever I had in my life. God grant that the time may not be far distant when there will be a missionary to go to this section of country and reach the many villages which now are sitting in darkness.

The next morning as we were leaving Mpereta's village, two incidents made a lasting impression on our minds. A mile from where we were camped just on the edge of the town

was a phallic emblem post decorated with the bleached skulls of little children, showing how the cannibals had terrorized the country in 1907, when we had so desired to pass through this way and could not, as the government positively refused to allow us to take that route.

We might have been safe personally, though one white man had been attacked but a short time before we reached Ruwi, from which point we had to turn southward out of our course. But certain it is that our carriers would never have gone that way. As a matter of fact, I had to promise my carriers that I would avoid this cannibal country before they would leave Ruwi with me. Nor can they be much blamed. No one would relish the prospect of being served, cooked or uncooked, at a cannibal feast.

This section was then under the government of the Kassai Co., a Belgian rubber trading company, which waged war on these cannibals and finally conquered them and gave peace to the Lunda and Chokwe villages.

Tribes of Central Africa differ; most of them have been cannibals at one time or another, particularly as regards eating their enemies in times of war, with the belief that

the courage and strength of the eaten enemies will thereby enter into themselves.

In this way there has doubtless been cultivated in many of the tribes a taste for human flesh, and to this day there are tribes to the north of the Lunda field where slaves are fattened for set, or occasional, feasts and where no white men have been allowed to enter.

The other incident concerned Mrs. Springer. As she marched out of the village nearly a score of girls followed her for about three miles, importuning her to come and live there and teach them. They were such bright, lovable girls that it made her heart ache to hear them and know that she could not accept their invitation or respond to their appeal. I was in advance and did not see nor hear them. These girls were in earnest. They had undoubtedly heard from Jacob what it meant to the native women of a tribe to have a mission in their midst and so they ran along by my wife's side for miles, begging in most pleading tones that she would come and "sit" (which is their word for living) among them.

I have never met a man who was more insistent on having a missionary than Mpereta. There was no suitable place for a mission near his present village, but he told me that he

intended to build on the Luebo River the next year. That meant he would not be settled for two years—therefore we could not for the present consider his case. By the time he was settled we knew that we could build at but one place, and that place must be at the capital of Mwata Yamvo. We have not seen Mpereta or his people since.

Six miles beyond Mpereta's farthest out-village we came to Chipepela's village. He was away from home, but had left word that if I came he was to be called from his rubber-gathering camp, as he greatly desired to meet me. I told his representative that I could not wait, but must move on early the next morning. I met him, however, the next year and found him to be a deep-dyed rascal, intriguing for the deposing of Mwata Yamvo and aspiring to fill that place. He claimed that he was the rightful heir to this throne.

He was one of four pretenders to the throne that we met. All of these claimed to be the legitimate sons of former Mwata Yamvos, which was quite possible. When a man has a few hundred wives, there are likely to be several sons all of whom consider themselves his rightful heirs.

As the present incumbent of the throne of

the Lunda country must know of these intrigues and plots against his life and position, we came to realize that even here in the wilds of Central Africa, as in other parts of the world, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

At Kimpuki we came to our first of the many Kassai Co. "factories," as the Belgians call them. Here we met a Mr. Tyson, whose mother was an American woman and so he spoke English perfectly, though his father was a Belgian, and he had been born and raised in Belgium. He was delighted to meet us. His superior, M. Boccar, though he could not speak English, and at that time neither of us could speak French, was also very hearty in his welcome to us.

This trading station was like most of the others, consisting of four main buildings, two for residences, one for buying, and the other for storing and drying rubber. These stations have at least two white men on them and more if needed. Their rule is that one man shall always be on the station and one man itinerating in the villages. Therefore each white man is alternately on the station two weeks in the month and two weeks out in the villages. Both are on the station for two

or three days at the end of the month when making out their monthly reports.

Here we were able to buy salt and other trading goods to send back with Jim and the carriers who had stipulated that this was as far as they would go. By the courtesy of Mr. Boccar and Mr. Tyson we were also given carriers for the next stage of our journey. We learned here that we could not buy anything in the shape of European food. The Kassai Co. ration their white men, and absolutely forbid them to sell any of their food supplies. We have had them give us sugar, butter, or a few tins of anything they could spare, but it was worth a man's job to sell a single thing that he received as rations. This was to prevent the men selling their food for money and then falling ill as a consequence of living on native food and having insufficient nourishment, a wise provision, indeed.

We were just a week on the next stage of the journey, that is, from Kimpuki to Kafuchi. We had all the carriers we needed and those that were used to the trail. The country was more broken. Some of the ridges were even higher in altitude than Lukoshi. We had left the flat, sandy divide country for a well-drained, more sparsely wooded region. Much

of this country will some day be cultivated by the white man. We found it very taxing to push through the unburned grass along some of these sections, but were glad to see land that could be made to produce abundantly if worked.

One forenoon we crossed some recently made wagon tracks. It is impossible to describe the excitement we felt at seeing such an evidence of civilization in this remote place. We learned later that the wagon belonged to a Portuguese trader who had passed along that way just two days ahead of us.

We also came to some Chokwe villages, where the people were characterized by the same air of sullen indifference or defiance that we had noticed among the Bachokwe west of the Kassai River five years before.

We were told that one of the aspirants for the throne of Mwata Yamvo twenty-five years before this had gone out and engaged the Bachokwe to help him in his cause. These had invaded the country and had made a diagonal sweep from south to north, almost cutting the Lunda empire in two. So that at the present time there is a section of the Alunda who pay no tribute to Mwata Yamvo, but who consider Kayembe Mukuru as their paramount chief.

Among the Bachokwe, every village stands by itself and true to their early standards they acknowledge no paramount chief.

I find recorded in our dairy, "We have been in ideal farming country nearly all day. Rich red clay, open veldt, fine streams draining the land, and plenty of forest near at hand. We passed near one Alunda village, Mulamba's, but as our guide had disappeared, we did not learn of this village until evening. It was a little off our trail and had an abundance of bananas and plantains. At Ndumba's, we found the old sort of Bachokwe. The chief refused to come out or even see us. The people would not come either."

The next day, this is the record: "To-day we have had plains for most of the journey. The vleis have extended most of the way, making very tiresome traveling. In the rains they would be covered with water. After seven and a half miles, we came to Nyuwamba's village, a large Bachokwe town. Here, too, the people would have nothing to do with us, and the chief fairly threw his present at us and stalked off without waiting for a present in return. We were to have slept there last night, but it is just as well that we did not reach it."

The next day there was another incident

which needs a little more detail than is given in the diary. There have not been many times in our journeyings when we have had any scares from wild beasts, though they have been all around us. But on this memorable night we certainly had a genuine fright.

We had had to go on beyond the usual camping place that night and found ourselves at a very bad spot where it was evident no caravans were in the habit of sleeping. Here was a beautiful stream at the bottom of a deep depression where massive trees, moss covered with entwining vines, made a scene like fairyland. Beautiful as it was we could not sleep down there on those moss-covered roots of trees, and so we climbed the steep bank and into the open. But even here there was no good place to camp and, indeed, the only level place was in a bunch of grass growing eight feet high.

We had the boys clear a spot for our tent and went to bed with the knowledge that we were in a bad situation should the grass catch fire from any flying sparks from the camp fires.

We were awakened out of our first sound sleep by stealthy footsteps rustling in the tall grass. It was bright moonlight and with every

sense alert, I saw the shadow of an animal's head against the tent and soon that head appeared at the opening of the tent door. From all I could see and hear, I judged it to be a leopard and I had no gun with me. In fact the only implement I had in the tent was a hoe and I reached out and threw this at the animal, yelling at it.

The animal retired and I got up and recovered my hoe. I looked out of the tent with the wash basin full of water in my hands, ready to give the beast a disheartening souse should it be near, but could see nothing. On account of the grass we did not have our fire that night. And on account of the bad location our carriers were quite a distance away. Of course I could have called them, but since the animal was gone what was the use?

It took us a little time to get quieted down again after the excitement, when we again heard that stealthy foot-fall that was hair-raising from the feeling that something was creeping upon us unawares, some evil, one knows not what. I shouted and heard the animal bound off again.

We were very weary after the day's hard trek, and so in a half hour or so we were both asleep again and must have slept an hour or

two when Mrs. Springer was suddenly wakened by these same stealthy footsteps just on the other side of the tent from her head. I gave a tremendous yell and then got up and went outside, banging the hoe about in a most threatening way. The animal bounded off again, and after looking at my watch and seeing that it was two o'clock, I went back to bed and after a while we went to sleep and were not disturbed again.

The next morning as we came out of our tent we saw a poor, little half-starved native dog with a fiber collar around his neck. He had lost his master, or rather his master had lost him, and he had been trying to find some trace of him in our caravan or else to get a belated supper. In the moonlight his shadow had made him look like a huge beast, and in the tall grass his timid advances had sounded like the foot-falls of a leopard. We coaxed him to follow us the nine miles to the next village and then left him.

We have often found the tracks of leopards and lions which have been near our camp in the night, and we know of lions that have passed right by our tent without waking us. But it took this little, stray, half-dead cur to give us the scare of our lives.

CHAPTER IX

KAFUCHI TO MUSUMBA

HAVING these men from the Kassai Co., we were compelled to move on Sunday, as the men would not rest with us on the road.

We held a service in the village in the morning and ate our lunch before starting, as we had but a few miles to make. We had services in three more villages on the way, and finally came to the large Chokwe village under the chief Kafuchi.

Here we were soon surrounded by scores of natives, and the place fairly swarmed with children. We have seldom ever seen so many children in any one village. Our carriers put down their loads and learning that Kafuchi was not at home, and there being thus no formalities to delay us, I began to sing and we had a service at once. The effect reminded us of Paul at Athens where "all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

So these people gathered around us with

somewhat the same words as those old Athenians, "What will these babblers say?" Some, "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods." Some, "May we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest, is?" Two young men clad in tennis flannels and smart tan shoes, hatted and coated throughout in Brussels garments, given to them doubtless by some fond master on his departure for his native land, announced haughtily as they fingered their rosaries, "We are already Christians and have no need of your preaching."

What a motley crowd it was! The service lasted about an hour, as I had several of my boys testify to what God had done for them. Then as we arose the crowd broke up and we went on our way two miles to the Kassai Co. factory. As we left, "some mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again on this matter." Pioneer preaching in heathen countries has not changed so very much from Paul's day to this.

At the factory we met the Chef du Secteur, M. Lefevre, a worthy gentleman who spoke English fluently and who was very glad to welcome us and give us all the assistance in his power.

From him we learned the methods of admin-

istration of the Kassai Co., which had then about two hundred factories, mostly along the Kassai and Lulua Rivers and their adjoining districts.

These factories are grouped into districts over which there is a superintendent whose business it is to see that every man and every factory under him comes up to the mark. He travels almost continually, and arrives at a station often unexpectedly, when he examines the books and goes into every matter of detail of that station.

As was said previously, there are at least two men for every station, and each of these men makes very minute reports at the end of each month, each quarter, and each half year, and then again an annual report. There is to be no loafing on any of these stations. The men are supposed to start work at six in the morning and keep busy until six o'clock at night, unless sick in bed with fever. No white man is supposed to report less than one ton of rubber bought per month, while at some of the better situated stores they can get five tons a month. And if there is the least falling off in the purchases, a man is called strictly to account.

As the Chef du Secteur travels about he

stops at every village or native town and calls for the chief. He makes the chief a good present and then asks him if he has any complaints to make either of the treatment of the native capitas in the employ of the Kassai Co. or of the white men at the nearest station. Any such complaints are thoroughly investigated and justice meted out to the villages for any injuries sustained.

If any of the villages have fallen off in supplying rubber, the Chef du Secteur gives additional presents to the chief to encourage him to "make" or gather more rubber, also as compensation for sending his young men to act as carriers in the transport.

At that time there were, as we said, over two hundred factories of the Kassai Co., extending from Stanley Pool to the Congo-Zambesi divide, a distance of about eight hundred miles. They had an average of three white men and five native buyers to each of these factories. In some sections the rubber was so plentiful and the population so thick that the factories were only two miles apart, and the men on these stations were kept busy buying rubber from morning till night.

Each factory served as a transport station to the next factory and there its responsibility

ceased. The receiving station then must see that the loads were forwarded to the next one beyond it and thus a perfect system of transport had been worked out and one that could be operated at a minimum of cost.

We were greatly impressed with the efficiency and thoroughness of the organization and conduct of the whole industry from a business standpoint. There are certain regrettable features about it from another point of view, some of which may be mentioned later.

On this trip we visited eight of the Kassai Co. stores or factories, and talked with the natives in many of the villages between, and although the natives complained bitterly about certain other agencies, we can truthfully record that we did not hear a single complaint against the Kassai Co. as to any financial dealings between them.

As to the missions in the area covered by the Kassai Co., while there were a few Catholic stations, there were only the three mission stations of the Southern Presbyterian Church near Luebo, as far as we could learn. The company trades for rubber with several tribes, some of which were cannibal, where no missionaries of any denomination had yet come.

In accordance with the custom of the com-

pany, the men who had brought us from Kimpuki turned back from Kafuchi. As a rule, no amount of persuasion or pay can induce the men who are accustomed to travel over one section to go on to another.

Mr. Lefevre at once sent word to the chief Kafuchi that he wanted twelve men, and the next morning they appeared and were assigned to our loads to go with us to Mwata Yamvo. For the Kassai Co. has not only a monopoly on the trading of rubber in their territory, but also on the transport and available labor supply, owing to their generous gifts to the native chiefs and their needs for such large numbers of carriers. This does not apply to Mwata Yamvo himself and his neighborhood.

As the Kassai Co. paid the carriers and gave them salt with which to buy their food—charging the amount in our bill—we had no responsibility for feeding these carriers, which was a great relief to me.

On arriving at a village, the business of food was taken up at once, and the men ordered the women to cook them a dish of food. When they finally got their plates with the mush neatly rounded into a large ball on each, and accompanied by a little dish of beans, mushrooms, caterpillars, or some other relish, the

men would protest that they were being robbed outright, and the women would stoutly assure them that it was practically a gift anyway considering the little they had paid for it. The conversations were frequently prolonged and heated and compliments of a negative character passed freely, but we learned that there were really no hard feelings on either side. These side remarks were but the spice of the deal.

We had an interesting sidelight on human nature about this time in connection with our own boys, six of whom were with us. From Kimpuki we had been able to get sufficient carriers so as to relieve them of their loads and keep them fresh to take up the work of the camp when we halted. So they were having a remarkably easy time. In addition to that, as we found fowls very cheap in two or three villages, we decided on Sunday and on one or two other occasions, to give them a treat of chickens instead of the relish they were accustomed to have.

The results were disastrous. The high living and easy time seemed to set them up and they began to neglect their camp duties and grumble and growl all the time. If I gave them chickens one day, they made a big row

if they did not have them the next. I noticed that if I gave them any especial favors or delicacies, I was sure to have trouble within less than twenty-four hours. So after one or two such occasions, I took them aside one evening and reviewed the whole matter and told them that if I had another such fuss after I had done something kind for them all such favors would be strictly cut off.

The second day out we came to the trading store at Pesha, a sub-station of Kapanga, most unfortunately situated on low, unhealthy ground, with few natives in the vicinity. Here we met the agent in charge at Kapanga who was out assisting M. Lefevre.

He had been fifteen years in the Congo and was accompanied by his half-caste daughter, who was about twelve years of age. She was dressed neatly in European clothing, which he had brought from Belgium for her the year previously.

Here is one of the unfortunate and deplorable features of the Kassai Co. They prefer to employ single men, but in no case will they let any of their employees take their white wives out to Africa. In building a post, or factory, a small hut is nearly always erected near the residence of the agent for his native

mistress, and though there were some who did not take a black woman, the majority of them did.

Unfortunately this practice of having native concubines is not confined solely to the agents of the Kassai Co., but is all too general a custom all over Africa. The small birthrate resulting from such cohabitation is due to the means the native women take to prevent progeny.

Mr. Vanderveld's little girl was well mannered withal and our hearts ached for her future. There seemed to be a strong attachment between the father and child, though he referred to the mother several times as his "nigger," an unattractive woman who we learned has been passed on from one white man to another.

He was then thinking of leaving the Congo soon on account of his health and the child would be left without a protector. We parted from him not expecting to see him again, as he had planned to make a month's tour in another direction. But he was destined to change all his plans and we did meet him once more.

The next morning we met quite a number of native soldiers preceding their Chef du Poste who was out gathering taxes. Several seemed

inclined to jostle insolently against Mrs. Springer, and one or two of them tried to compel us both to get out of their way and give them the whole path. I stood my ground, letting them understand that I would not take their insolent orders. When the Chef came up he was very pleasant and wrote a note to his assistant to give me any help, or a house if I wanted it, so long as I cared to remain. Native soldiers, whether Belgian or British, are very apt to be bullies and very offensive both to blacks and whites.

On this section we saw more evidences of wild game than we had in any other part of this journey. The country from Kafuchi to Kapanga was very broken, reminding us of parts of New England. The rivers were parallel to each other, all flowing north, and were from one to five miles apart. The rivers marked the same altitude as Lukoshi, but the ridges about three hundred feet higher. Lukoshi was thirty-five hundred feet above sea-level.

These ridges consisted of the same rich red clay soil that we have on our industrial mission farm at Old Umtali, and we were impressed with the promise of this country here for European occupation and farming. The natives do not like the red clay for farming,

as it is too hard to work with native hoes. But it is the ideal thing for Europeans who can cultivate the soil with cattle and machinery.

We were also now out of the tsetse fly belt and found that many of the natives owned oxen. Indeed, in some of the villages there were a goodly number of cattle to be seen. The natives have never worked nor milked their cattle, but they can be trained to do both.

CHAPTER X

MUSUMBA WA MWATA YAMVO, THE CAPITAL OF MWATA YAMVO

A HALF mile from the capital, just as we crossed the last stream, a young man clad in a white helmet, checked vest, and dark blue loin cloth, came out to welcome us to the Chief's town. How he could have known of our coming is one of those mysteries which never cease to perplex white men. Probably some messenger had slipped away from the village where we had eaten lunch six miles away and had notified the chief that an unknown white man and white woman were on the road.

But no European courtier could have welcomed us with more grace than this Lunda in the three-piece costume. The helmet was worn as an official badge after the *mode Belgique*. We learned before we left the town that this youth, Mbanzi, had the chief care of the king's harem.

Just outside the outer wall of the town, Mwata Yamvo himself advanced to meet us and to lead us to his own court, where he was

living in an excellent European tent which had been imported for him by the Kassai Co. In front of the tent were two or three folding chairs and a folding camp table. One of the chairs was draped with a fine leopard skin, while a lion skin was stretched out on the ground in front of it. Mwata Yamvo seated himself in that after we had taken the other two chairs. The leopard skin pertains to royalty among the Alunda.

The Chief was dressed in two white duck coats and a voluminous loin cloth. He wore an elaborate beaded head-dress most beautifully done, a genuine ornament worthy of a paramount chief. His wrists and ankles were loaded with bracelets, the use of which we were to learn later.

The Chief spoke to an attendant, handing him his bunch of keys, and very shortly he brought a bottle of champagne and glasses. We thanked the Chief most cordially, but declined to let him open it for us. Thinking that we did not like that particular drink, the Chief ordered port wine and that was brought. This we also refused, and in perplexity he offered his own favorite drink, palm wine. At last we succeeded in assuring him that we took nothing stronger than water, which was

brought in a large white stoneware pitcher. The Chief then offered me cigarettes which, of course, I also declined with profuse thanks, and then I had Jacob explain to the Chief that this particular breed of a white man, the likes of which he had never seen before, neither drank alcoholic liquors nor smoked tobacco. The Chief took Jacob aside a few days later and said in explanation of his offers at this time that he had had a visit from a Catholic priest only the week before we came and that he had accepted both wine and cigarettes.

As soon as we had had refreshments, the Chief said most courteously that he was delighted to have us as his guests and that he would show us where we could pitch our tent and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. He said that he was very sorry not to have a house to place at our disposal, but he had been on his present site only two months and did not even have his own house finished, but, as we could see, had to live in a tent himself. He said that he had a guest house building, and that if we would remain until it was done he would be very glad to put it at our service.

He led the way to show us where we were to camp in the compound next to his own, and as we advanced Mrs. Springer fell back some

paces with the little black box which she carried innocently under her arm. A half hour later, as she snapped a group of the royal harem, the click of the shutter called their attention to it and immediately the word went round that this was a camera and that the white woman was taking photos. These girls were used to camera work by the Belgians, for whom they had posed many a time.

This was another one of our surprises. At Kazembe's and all along the way we had seen only the rawest heathenism and the crudest specimens of heathens. The whole atmosphere had suddenly changed. Here was a chief showing us as gracious hospitality as any monarch in Europe could have done, for the grace of hospitality does not consist in the amount one has to offer, but in the manner in which it is given.

We found here a true metropolitan air. The natives in this town no longer marveled at the wonderful things possessed by the white man, for they were used to them. The town had been for six years within a short distance of both the government post at Kapanga and the Kassai Co. factory, and these two places alone had some six white men connected with them more or less permanently, besides many tran-

sients, and then there had been the presence of the Forminiere prospectors. So that the inmates of the capital were well sophisticated along many occidental lines—too much so.

The carriers whom I got from Mr. Lefevre insisted that they must go right on that day to the Kassai Co. store, and so, leaving Mrs. Springer to supervise the erection of the tent and get settled for the night, I had to go on six miles with these men, or what was seven and a half by the route I took via the government Poste.

There were three centers here, Musumba, or the capital of Mwata Yamvo; Kapanga, the government Poste six miles to the southwest; and Mwini Kapanga, the store or factory of the Kassai Co., a mile and a half north of the government Poste, but only six miles from Musumba by a direct route.

At the government Poste, I met M. Vermees, a young lieutenant, a most amiable and vivacious young man on whom the responsibilities of life and government would never weigh too heavily. He lamented that his rations were six months overdue and so he could not offer me any wine, therefore he accompanied me to the Kassai Co. store and did full justice to the wine offered there.

At the Kassai Co. store, where I met Mr. Till, a Luxemburger, I saw a large amount of wine in huge demijohns, which were to be presents to Mwata Yamvo, a certain amount being furnished him each month as an acknowledgment of his services in supplying them carriers and as an inducement to keep on doing the same.

I did not get back to the tent until quite dark, when I found that the Chief had sent me a goat as a present, which I had killed and, as is customary, sent him a hind quarter. The next day I sent him a blanket that I had brought, a gorgeous one with a bright purple ground dotted with leopard spots.

That evening I took Jacob and went into the Chief's compound to see him and to tell him that I wanted twelve carriers to go on with me in two days' time. He said that he could not possibly consent to our making so short a visit and that we must stay with him at least six days.

This reminds we that I have not yet given the plan of Mwata Yamvo's town, which was different from anything we had ever seen. It was rectangular, six hundred paces long by four hundred wide. When I first found how perfectly it was squared and how it was

divided into sixteen different courts or compounds on the inside, I concluded that he had had some European assistance in laying it out.

But both his own men and later Mr. Vermees told me that he had laid it out without any European help whatever. Some time after I found in Livingstone's notes, written in 1854, a description of the town of Mwata Yamvo, given him by the natives as he crossed a corner of the Lunda country, and I found that it tallied very well with this. Evidently this is the style of town which has been used for the capital of Mwata Yamvo for about a hundred years. These courts were all divided by fences eight to ten feet high, and made opaque by binding on grass or boughs of trees.

The nights were very cold at this season; the mornings and evenings were also very chilly, but the days were very hot owing to our having no shade until afternoon. The tent was suffocatingly hot until late in the afternoon when the shadow of the fence fell upon it. At noon we sought the shadow of the hut of two or three of the Chief's favorite wives in which to eat our noonday meal. At one o'clock there was shade enough by our fence in front of the tent.

Had we come two or three months later, we

might have been very comfortable in the guest house, but our ten days at this time without shelter or any privacy whatever made our stay in many respects very unpleasant in spite of all the Chief's desire to make us comfortable.

The next day was Sunday. The Chief, as was his custom, departed about ten o'clock for an official visit to the government Poste to which he carried a large present of native meal, a goat, some fowls, etc. Of course he received a present in return covering its full value, often in francs, but he was required to make this contribution weekly and he always made the trip on Sunday unless ill or otherwise detained. He was escorted out of the town by the big drum which preceded him, and a large body of retainers followed the machilla in which he was carried.

We had a large crowd at the service held early in the morning and at another that evening and we held several smaller services during the day, the Chief being present at the one held about sundown. On the part of the Chief and of all his people there was a marked appreciation of the fact that the services were all in Luunda, their native tongue, the hymns, the speech, and everything connected with the service. The Catholic who had been there but

The Chief Going for His Official Visit to the Poste
Mwata was Present at the Evening Service

two weeks before our arrival was the only other missionary that they had ever seen, and neither he nor anyone with him could speak the Luunda. This was one of the strongest reasons why Mwata Yamvo and his people favored our Mission from the very first.

While we were at breakfast—and by the by, it was a very slim one, as we had not been able to take much from Lukoshi and could not buy any European provisions on the way, so that we had been reduced largely to native food—a messenger came with a letter. We had heard at Kafuchi that there was an American prospector named Young not far from Kapanga, and on Saturday I had written him a note saying that we were at Musumba and trusted that he might find it convenient to come over and meet us, as he was but twelve miles away. Mr. Vermees told me that he was in the habit of sending Mr. Young two bottles of milk a day and that the same boy would take my note.

Mr. Vermees had now forwarded the reply to me. Mr. Young expressed a strong wish to meet both Mrs. Springer and myself, but as he was collecting a caravan and had some of the men there, he dared not leave them and come over to us. Would we not, therefore, come to see him? He was expecting to leave

on Wednesday morning for good, so that if we could, he wished us to come Monday.

So I sent Jacob to Mwata Yamvo asking if he could give me eight men to go with us and come back on the morrow. He had them there inside of an hour and we were delighted with the four assigned to Mrs. Springer's machilla. These men had been trained for this very kind of carrying in the Kassai Co. and two of them could carry for miles without changing.

Passing the government station that morning, Mr. Vermees again regretted that he had no refreshments to offer us unless—here a sudden thought struck him—unless we would accept a ripe pawpaw. Wouldn't we! So two large, luscious pawpaws were brought out and we enjoyed them as only those who have been deprived of fruit for years can do. The idea that all parts of Africa abound in bananas and other tropical fruits is one of the greatest and most persistent fallacies. Throughout thousands of square miles of Central Africa the natives raise no fruit at all and where they do it is in small quantities.

Just beyond the government Poste, we came to the village of the chief Kapanga for which the poste is named, a village second in importance to Musumba. Here we were surrounded

by admiring groups of women also. For while white men were a common enough sight, Mrs. Springer was the first white woman to visit this region. We secured our ferryman and proceeded to the Lulua River, where we were ferried across in a large and commodious dug-out. The river at this point was exactly three thousand feet above sea-level and some three hundred feet in width. In the rainy season it covered the flat lands on either side until it was a half mile to a mile in width.

There were plenty of fish to be caught in the river, and also plenty of hippopotami. We saw their spoor on the river banks. Both the white men and the natives were able to shoot some of these mammoth creatures from time to time. Fortunately we saw none of them in our several crossings of the Lulua at this time. They are dangerous animals, accustomed to charge on native canoes.

On the other side, our path followed up the river for about three miles, and two miles beyond we came to the small station, or depot, of the Forminiere Co., where we were most heartily welcomed by a man who had not seen a white woman for two years, an Englishman who had been naturalized in the United States.

Mr. Young served the inevitable and most

acceptable tea on our arrival and regretted that the delay of his own "chop boxes," three months overdue, prevented his giving us what he called a good dinner. But after weeks of subsisting almost entirely on sour mush and native fowls, his roast pigeon, carrots, tinned beans, and, last but not least, plum pudding, was a feast fit for kings. Most of all, we enjoyed eating bread once more. There is nothing we miss more when obliged to do without our accustomed food than bread. And when we have bread we hardly mind any other lack.

We learned from Mr. Young that evening that he represented a concession known as the Forminiere, a term condensing the French for Forests and Mines. This is an American-Belgian Company in which the Ryan combination of capitalists is largely interested. The company had been given three large concessions by King Leopold. This one was bounded by the Lulua River on the east and the Kassai and Kwango Rivers on the west, giving the company the exclusive right to prospect for minerals for a certain number of years. As the concession would expire in a year, the company was seeking to have this section thoroughly prospected this year.

Two other Americans were prospecting to

the south, and we had the pleasure of meeting them later on.

Mr. Young had spent most of his time to the north in quest of diamonds and we saw two small bottles of diamonds which he had found. We learned much from him of sections of country hitherto untouched by white men, some among the fierce cannibal tribes to the north. We were impressed, in meeting him and later his two companions, with the hardships they had had to undergo in their work of seeking out the mineral wealth of this dark continent.

In the small house used as a store depot we saw shovels, picks, drills, forges, tackle for windlass, tents, and outfits that had been brought here at great expense. In comparison, our entire outfit for mission work was insignificant, and once again we had impressed upon us the greater and readier resources of all secular agencies in Africa.

In a great deal of this mining work the funds were not supplied by men of wealth, but by the common people. Too often these generous supplies represent the hard earned moneys of comparatively poor people, who have had their imaginations inflamed with the prospect of getting rich quickly and have given their

savings of years, never to see them again. It is strange how generous and credulous people become when they think there will be a personal profit in the end. Could we but have a tithe of the money that has come from Methodist pockets and has been wasted in mining or so-called mining operations, our own Mission could flourish.

We had used up the very last of our flour the morning that we went to see Mr. Young, and had practically nothing else in the way of European provisions. We were concerned about the return trip, as Mrs. Springer was nearly ill from eating sour mush, and there was no hope of getting anything at the Kassai Co. stores.

But Mr. Young, with a rare spirit of hospitality and probably prompted by his own experience of being short on the veldt when transport facilities failed to connect him with the liberal provision cases sent him by his company, made repeated and pointed inquiries as to our supplies until he learned the situation. He then insisted on our taking one twenty-eight-pound case of flour, an assortment of tinned meat, and pickles enough to take us back to Lukoshi, a true God-send to us.

CHAPTER XI

AT MUSUMBA
(Continued)

ANOTHER evidence of the thoughtfulness of Mr. Young was seen the next morning as our tent was being taken down and our things packed for leaving. He called me into the house and asked me privately if I had enough money to see me back to Lukoshi.

I replied that I was quite sure that I had plenty of cash for the remainder of the trip home.

"Well," said he, "I have quite a bit of loose cash that I do not need, as I am going right out onto the veldt where there will be no opportunity to spend money in any case, and you are quite welcome to take it if you like."

Now I have found that it is never well to refuse money when it is offered and I have always had cause to regret it sooner or later if I did so. The thought came to my mind that this might be a provision for some unknown need that might soon arise.

"But," I replied, "how could I get the money

back to you? There is no direct connection between Lukoshi and Kapanga and, as you know, there is not even a mail route." For at that time the government had no mail route from Kapanga in any direction. The Kassai Co. received and forwarded mail to the north and out by the mouth of the Congo.

"That is all right," said Mr. Young. "You can send a check to my banking account in England."

"In that case," I answered, "I will be very glad to take what you wish to spare. How much will that be?"

"I can easily let you have five hundred francs," he replied. That is about one hundred dollars.

So I took the cash, all in specie, weighing several pounds. And though it is a very unusual thing for me, I entirely forgot to give him a receipt for it, and I am certain that the thought of a receipt never entered his mind either. It was one of the most remarkable incidents that have occurred to me in Africa.

After breakfast we bade farewell to this man whom we had seen for the first time but the day before and whom we might never see again, and yet toward whom we had already felt a genuine affection as of one belonging to

our own kith and kin, and moved on back down the river toward Musumba.

On our way we met the lad from the Poste with his bottles of milk which he was taking to Mr. Young. We found on reaching the Lulua that this youth had crossed the river in the ferry canoe and had hidden the paddles somewhere in the grass so cleverly that no amount of searching on our part revealed them.

We shouted across the river and after a long time induced the ferryman to come over in an old canoe that had its sides all plastered up with clay. He hunted for the paddles, but finally left the old canoe and took us over in the good one. It was thus past noon when we reached the Poste and Mr. Vermees would not hear of our going on without something to eat. He said that he had nothing fit to set before us, but what he had would at least keep us from going away hungry.

The government Poste was nearly a mile from Kapanga's town and was beautifully situated on the highest rise of land in that vicinity. One came up a broad path with large gardens of the tall, graceful cassava on either side. The soil was of the rich, red clay before mentioned, and the cassava gardens were well set off by their terra cotta background.

The Poste itself had at that time three large burnt-brick residences for its officers, and numerous other buildings. Flower beds, paw-paw, and lemon trees and bananas were arranged to give a parklike appearance. From the main residences one could look over the valley to where the Lulua River, a mile away, gleamed like a wide silver ribbon in the sun.

They had a herd of about fifty cattle, and so had all the milk they needed for their own use besides supplying Mr. Young and the Kassai Co. as well. They made their own butter, no small item when tinned butter cost fully two dollars a pound.

Our lunch that day consisted of fried sweet potatoes, fried plantains, fried eggs, and coffee with fresh milk in it. Mr. Vermees had no bread, as his flour was all exhausted, though he said that he was expecting his "chop boxes," meaning provisions, every day and had been for months.

He had a large amount of coffee, which had been brought by him from Matadi. This coffee, which has a very excellent flavor, grows wild on the lower Congo, below Boma. He insisted on giving us several pounds, which we roasted and used on reaching home, and we greatly regretted when we had used the last of it that

we could not get more of the same flavor and quality. For the journey home we were glad for the tin of roasted, ground coffee (also for a pound of tea) given us by Mr. Young.

It was nearly sunset when we reached Mwata Yamvo's, and as we entered the town a crowd of people numbering at least four hundred gathered around us and welcomed us back. We held a service at once while we had them all together, and the picture of that heathen crowd gathered around us just as the last rays of the setting sun touched up the court and finally died away was one we shall never forget.

Our two days of absence had worked out well. I had left Jacob behind with instructions to gather all the information possible. On our return I found that the Chief had used this opportunity to get all the information he could out of Jacob. He had sent for Jacob two or three times and asked him all sorts of questions concerning us, what we did with our boys, whether we abused them or oppressed them, and what we taught them. He could converse with Jacob in the Luunda and this mightily pleased him.

He was particularly interested in the story of the atonement and asked Jacob many in-

telligent questions about it. Then the next day he had called for Jacob and requested him to tell the story over again. He seemed to realize what would be involved if he accepted Christ but so far has not taken the step. But he was sure of one thing at the end of those two days —that he wanted a missionary to come and live among and teach his people. And when I went to see him the next day, he said that he wanted especially a medical missionary.

This Mwata Yamvo had now been ruling for about five years, which coincided approximately with the time in which the Government had taken over the administration from the Kassai Co. At the time of his accession they found tribal matters were in a rather chaotic state owing to the advance of the Bachokwe and the intrigues of the aspirants for the Lunda throne.

After careful inquiry, the Government learned that the present ruler was the one really acknowledged to be the next in succession, though he was held practically as a prisoner by one of the larger Chokwe chiefs near the Congo-Zambesi border, not more than one hundred miles west of Lukoshi.

They had procured his freedom and he had chosen the site for his capital a mile north

of the present one. This was before the Government established a Poste at Kapanga. When they did so they required the Chief to move to within a mile of them and he had lived there for five years.

But he had had no end of trouble with the native soldiers employed by the Government, and had asked repeatedly to be allowed to move further away, until at last the request had been granted, and two months previously, at the close of the rainy season, he had come to his present site.

The policy of this Government, as with the British Government in Rhodesia, is to administer the country as far as possible through the paramount chiefs when there are such. Thus Mwata Yamvo was not merely a figurehead, but a man of no little responsibility. He had native soldiers of his own, and one of the first buildings to be completed in his town, even before his own residence, was a jail. He was judge of the supreme court, dealing with a large number of native cases.

He had a considerable income, too. He had five per cent commission on all the rubber that was brought to the Kapanga store of the Kassai Co., and sixty centimes, or twelve cents of our money, for each carrier supplied to any

and all parties. Mr. Vanderveld told us that Mwata Yamvo had supplied the company with no less than two thousand carriers during the previous January and February.

He had the entire control of the carriers in his kingdom, particularly in the region near his capital. No one else could get carriers in a native village. They must be obtained through the Chief.

At present there were four parties of us asking for carriers: the Government wanted one hundred to go to Dilolo; the Store wanted several hundred, but had a rush order for two hundred; (the Chief du Secteur had fifty men engaged for six months); Mr. Young was urging the delivery of the rest of the fifty he required; and last and least, we wanted the modest number of twelve to take us to Dilolo, or at least to Katola, which was nearly half way.

Mwata Yamvo's method of getting men was this: he would send his messengers out to sub-chiefs telling each how many men he required. Sometimes they came and sometimes not. When a call became urgent, he would send one of his bracelets or anklets by the messenger. This meant business.

On one occasion during our stay in his town,

a messenger returned and reported that a certain chief said that he could not supply the men at present. Mwata Yamvo with an impatient gesture pulled off one of his bracelets, handed it to the man, and told him to go and bring with him the men required. And they came, for they knew that if they did not, the king's soldiers would come and trouble would be brewing.

We found Mwata Yamvo to be a very busy, hard-working monarch. He not only had the task of sending out for carriers, receiving them and assigning them to their respective duties, but he had to sit almost daily on native cases that were brought to him as the supreme judge. Also he had about one hundred and fifty natives at work building the town, and though he had capable overseers all around, yet he had to look after the work in general himself.

Food was very scarce in the town, and it was no easy matter to get enough of it for all of his workmen, many of whom, by the way, came from the Portuguese side of the Kassai. That part of Angola was not administered by the Portuguese and was another no-man's-land so far as European occupation was concerned. But being Lunda people they acknowledged Mwata Yamvo as their king and supplied the

workmen required for the building of his capital.

Now, as was said, it was difficult to get food enough for this army, so Mwata Yamvo found that he had to do as nearly all the white men of the country have to do, and that is to give out the rations himself to prevent waste. About six o'clock the drum would sound and we would see the men going by scores into the next compound to ours and there they would receive their rations for the following day.

There was a daily market held just outside the north gate where native meal, dried fish, meat, eggs, fowls, beans, potatoes, and sundry other things were brought for sale, but there was not an abundance and the prices were high. Our boys complained continually of the high prices even when I had greatly increased their ration-funds, consisting of beads, salt, needles, etc.

Mwata Yamvo had quite a herd of cattle, also pigs, sheep, and goats. He did not milk his cattle, much to our regret. Most of his wives kept fowls, and he was keen on breeding dogs, for which he could get a good price. He had paid the sum of sixty dollars for one beautiful shepherd dog brought from Belgium. Her name was Antoinette, and the natives

called her Toneta. It is a decided novelty among the natives to find a dog with a name. There was another large male dog in the town, which the Chief had bought from one of the agents of the Kassai Co., but we did not learn how much he had paid for him.

As has been said, Mwata Yamvo had a very considerable revenue from the Kassai Co. and from other sources, and as there were no other stores in the country, the Kassai Co. saw to it that Mwata Yamvo's wants were supplied. They had sold him his tent and furniture, his dishes, etc. Anything else that he saw and fancied could be obtained through the Company. It was through them that he bought all his champagne, wines, and other foreign liquors. The presents he received from the Forminier Company consisted of native cloth, other trade goods, and cash.

The British have made a wise law which is stringently carried out prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to the natives. Colonel Harveld tried to get the same law enacted for the Katanga, but the Belgians claim that logically if we are to recognize and establish full rights for the native he should have equal privileges with the white man, and if the white man is allowed to buy liquor the native should not

be denied. There has been a sort of compromise relating to the large white town, prohibiting the sale of distilled liquors, or any containing over fifteen per cent of alcohol to the natives, but as nearly every Kaffir store is allowed to sell the milder liquors, the law is practically nullified thereby. The "black peril" of Africa is in almost every instance traced to drunkenness from imbibing European liquors. It is the same thing that causes the "white peril" in England or America.

On Thursday noon we were much surprised to see a white man enter the compound and to find that it was Mr. Vanderveld. He said that he had been too ill to go on and complete the journey he had planned and so was returning to his station. He had a very yellow color, refused to eat, and smoked cigarettes incessantly. He said that he proposed to settle up his affairs and return to Belgium.

In the course of the conversation he said that Mwata Yamvo had wished to buy his pousse-pousse, or mono-cycle, and that he or anyone else could have it for three hundred francs, or sixty dollars, just what it had cost him in Brussels. He had had it only a year and had not used it much at that.

Now it happened that Mrs. Springer and I

had discussed the buying of such a mono-cycle for her use for some weeks before leaving Lukoshi. We had received a price list which showed us that we could get one in England or America for fifty dollars. We had talked much about it and then had decided that by the time it was shipped out it would cost us fully three times that amount, and we could not think of it.

When we had left Lukoshi for this trip, we had left Jim behind to wait for the mail. He had joined us after four days and among other letters was one telling us that Mrs. Fox's Sunday school class at Wessington Springs, S. D. (the church from which our personal support came, principally from three of its members), had sent us a Christmas present of fifty dollars and had sent it early, in order that it might be in time. As this was the middle of May, we decided that it was in time all right.

Again the subject of the mono-cycle came up, but we could see no light. When we had seen Mr. Vanderveld's at Pesha our hopes had been roused for a moment. I had asked him casually how much they cost and if he had any idea of selling, and he had replied promptly that he had not. He told me then that they

cost sixty dollars in France where they were made.

Now he had said that he would sell it to anyone who would buy. After he went over to his tent we talked it over and it seemed to us as we recalled the Christmas gift and the cash almost thrust upon me by Mr. Young and then this direct offer of the very sort of conveyance we desired as if it all were a direct providence from the Lord and no mistake.

But I wanted to be sure that I would not be forestalling the Chief, and I so remarked to Mr. Vanderveld. He replied that I need not trouble myself on that score, as Mr. Till also had a mono-cycle that he would sell to the Chief if he wanted it. That question being settled, I paid down the three hundred francs cash, and let Mr. Vanderveld use the mono-cycle to his station, six miles away. As we had to pass right through his station we could pick it up there.

For several days we had been taking walks in all directions to see if there were good sites for a mission station. The veldt had been newly burned and we deeply regretted that our only chance for a bath on our return from these explorations was in a small hand basin.

At last we decided on a certain site which

seemed to us the very best in that vicinity. We conferred with the Chief and his head men and they agreed that the site was a very good one and perfectly satisfactory to them.

So the last day of our stay there I took Jacob and some of the other boys out to the spot we had chosen and I cut a cross on the only large tree in that vicinity. I knew that very likely I would not be able to come up there when the station was built and I wanted Jacob and some of the others to know the site decided on with the Chief for the Mission. We got back just in time to witness one of the most interesting ceremonies we have ever seen in Africa.

Hearing the call of the big drum and the sound of many voices, we hurried into the large court adjoining the one in which we were staying and found the King beginning the ceremony of installing a sub-chief.

The King, who is rather a fussy individual, small of stature, and of nervous temperament, was master of ceremonies. He was seated in front of the large, double, national altar, prototype of the altars found in practically every village. These are made of many-pronged dead trees with live posts in front. Red and white clays are used in making fantastic decorations.

A table, or shelf, of poles receives votive offerings. This altar is used chiefly for the propitiation of evil spirits.

The throne consisted of a large European arm-chair over which was thrown a purple blanket with black leopard spots, my gift to Mwata Yamvo. In olden days all the lion and leopard skins of the country belonged to the King, and only he and his immediate family could use them. Under his feet the King had a large lion skin, and, as a robe of state, he wore a beautiful blue and white blanket draped about him like a Roman toga. In addition to his every-day, elaborate head-dress of bead work, he now had on an immense pom-pom of scarlet feathers. Other members of the royal family were seated on leopard skins, each with a group of followers about. Fully twenty fine leopard skins were in evidence.

At one side, between the King and the altar, was the court musician with a large, fine-toned native piano, and by his side another musician with a big wooden drum. Each of these instruments was played with two sticks on the ends of which were balls of native rubber. The players were men of skill, always interpreting the everchanging mood of the crowd of five hundred or more, from the low, rhythmic hand-

clapping to violent outbursts of native emotion and impulse. There was constant and informal coming and going throughout. No hard and fast program hampered the free play of impulse and the inspiration of the moment.

The exercises had begun with the entrance of the King, followed by the orchestra, the deep bass of the drum beating a slow and dignified march. The entire assembly arose, picked up dust and rubbed on their stomachs, and then clapping their hands, chanted softly the praises of the King, who proceeded to his throne, all the others remaining standing until he was seated. None of his subjects or family occupied a chair, for among the Alunda no commoner is allowed to sit on a chair in the presence of an important chief.

The first business was to determine, if possible, who was responsible for the death of the sub-chief whose place was about to be filled. Since the Alunda are firm believers in witchcraft, the reason for showing a clean slate, as it were, is obvious. The King called on first one chief and then another, and then on many commoners, and each one repeated at length about the same thing, namely, that So-and-so was dead and that so far as they knew no one there was responsible for his death. As each

chief finished, half chanting, dramatically, his version of the case, he brought it to a climax by rubbing white clay on one of his shoulders. These recitals were interspersed by tableaux acted by a grizzly chief clothed with several wild cat and hyena skins, who, on entering, had advanced from the gateway with big jumps and yells, beating the ground in front of him in stately fashion with an immense club. The big stick, as a ceremony of state, did not, therefore, originate in the United States. We judged that this actor was driving all the devils out of the path of the man who was advancing for his inauguration.

Having at last pronounced the verdict that all present were guiltless of the chief's death, every person present daubed the white clay about the eyes, nose, and mouth and all over their bodies until the assembly resembled a mob of ghouls. White clay is the native symbol for "not guilty."

Then the King asked for nominations, despite the fact that he alone could nominate the man, and as no one responded, he named the man of his choice. From the moment the white clay had been given out, shouts from hundreds of voices, a rapid succession of gun firing and the beating of drums on the outside

of the wall could be heard, so that everyone knew that the triumphal procession was drawing near. And now the crowd near the entrance parted and a stately file of armed men marched in with quick, warlike tread, passed in front of the King, whom they saluted, marched once around the big altar, and then stood at arms to one side. Following these was the candidate whom the King had named and who was now ushered before the King by the Man-with-the-Big-Stick with enough flourishing of his badge of office, gesticulations, and yells to have satisfied the most enthusiastic American.

The candidate approached to within a few paces of the King, where he dropped on his knees, clapped his hands in obeisance, picked up dust and rubbed it over his bared stomach, and then, having received from the King the command to approach, he half arose, then prostrated himself full length on the ground, touching his temples to the earth. He prostrated himself first on one side of his body and then on the other several times until, with this abject homage, he reached the royal person. Here, still kneeling, he received the badge of office, a large, two-edged sword, some twenty inches long, inclosed in a carved wooden scab-

bard with a belt of beaver fur. Slinging this over his shoulder, he saluted the King by touching his hand. He then heard the long admonition delivered by Mwata Yamvo, chanted his assent, and retired to a place near his men in front of the King. The orchestra roared, the vast audience howled, the women shrieked in high pitched trills: the noise was almost deafening.

The King gave one of his men an order and he and the new chief disappeared inside the hut at the rear of the altar. A few seconds later, they reappeared, the new chief being draped in an immense loin cloth sixteen yards long and fifty inches wide.

The King then made a long speech and in closing, spoke more truly, perhaps, than he knew when he said, "We have been told by the Missionary that we should live like men in peace, not like animals, fighting and killing each other. That is true. This is a new and good day for us. God has sent his man [pointing to the writer] to teach us his words which we will do well to hear and to heed."

Then began, evidently, the most enjoyable part on the program. First the new sub-chief and then many others stepped into the open space before the King, took the unsheathed

sword and performed a fancy sword dance, graceful but wild and barbaric. Each performance received great applause, but when Mwata Yamvo's twelve-year-old son, the heir apparent, took his turn, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed.

It was now deep twilight and the King suddenly arose out of his place and strode off toward his own house. The crowd also arose like one man, hundreds of them closing around the new chief, who was seized by his own men and carried off triumphantly on their shoulders to their village where the inaugural ball was kept up all night.

It all occurred too late in the day to take photographs, but we can see it still, that immense company with their fantastic garbings and groupings, the King on his throne with his mother sitting on one side of him on a leopard skin, and his sister on the other side also on a leopard skin, and the wives, of whom they said there were at least two hundred, and his head-chiefs scattered about, all of them before the great altar erected to the unknown gods for whom they had only dread and fear—then the sudden darkening of a tropical night falling like a curtain over all. It was a representative picture of heathenism as it really is.

CHAPTER XII

LEAVING MWATA YAMVO

THE importance of this capital town, from a missionary point of view, had so grown upon us in these ten days that we greatly regretted leaving Mwata Yamvo. Had there been any possible way for us to stay we certainly would have done so. No other missionary situation had ever so appealed to us, and in comparison Kazembe's district on the Lukoshi was not to be considered for a moment for strategic importance. Mrs. Springer longed to stay and work among the bright, and many of them beautiful, young women who were there as Mwata Yamvo's wives. No one knew exactly how many wives he did have, but it was rumored that there were at least two hundred.

These were divided roughly into different classes and quartered accordingly in different courts. The favorites were in the court in which we were camped. They were mostly the young and the best favored. Then those whose first bloom had faded were in the next court. Then in the outer court were the hope-

less-faced women, the discarded wives. We were not there long enough to learn all the particulars of harem life, but we learned enough to know that the conditions were horrible beyond description.

I repeat, leaving that town was one of the hardest things we ever did. We lay awake nights trying to study up some way by which we might stay. We would gladly have sent our boys back to Mr. Heinkel telling him that he must come on up there with the things, as we were not coming back. But it was utterly impossible. At that time Kapanga was practically marooned except for the Kassai Co., and they were unable to get loads just then on account of an outbreak of war with the Bateke on the north. We found, as we said, the Government officials living largely on native food and dependent on the graces of the Forminiere for a small amount of trading goods, and this too would be cut off with the early removal of the depot.

So study the situation from any point of the compass, *we* could not stay. And it was evident that if our Mission were to occupy that center in the future, we must have some transport route opened from the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad.

True to his promise of Saturday, the Chief brought us twelve carriers on Monday morning. They were the worst looking crowd that we had ever seen, weak and underfed—probably a lot just received from some remote, famine-stricken district. But we had to take them, hoping for the best.

Mwata Yamvo bade us a cordial farewell, urging us to come again and calling after Jacob that he must be sure and bring his missionary back. Mbanzi went a mile with us and turned back just beyond the second spruit. A genuine friendship had sprung up between him and Jacob. He was an able youth and we could not but think that Jesus would have felt toward him as he did toward the rich young ruler. His position of trust to Mwata Yamvo was one full of pitfalls and snares into which he fell a year later.

I had pushed on with my bicycle to the store and took over the mono-cycle. As it came out Peter's eyes opened wide.

"Is that for the Missis?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I have bought it for the Missis."

"I know how to run it," he said proudly. It was my turn to be astonished.

"Where did you learn?" I asked.

"O, I used to run Mr. Kipp's for him in Angola. But Mr. Kipp's was a pickinin and this is big. I go to get the Missis."

And off he started and met her a mile away walking rather wearily. She had six carriers on her machilla and the whole six had not been able to carry her two miles. They had actually laid her down in the path, refusing to lift the machilla pole until she got out. When one considers that two good machilla carriers could have brought her every step of the six miles, it is easy to see what worthless carriers we had.

At the Kassai Company store I rationed these men with salt for Katola, five days away. They would buy their food in the villages with the salt. This was the custom in dealing with carriers.

Mr. Vanderveld said that he was no better and that he was still unable to eat, but he was up and at his work. Two weeks later he was buried there at his station. When we heard of it, we wrote to Mr. Lefevre and tried to get the child, but found that she had already been sent to some mission to the north, possibly the Catholic.

While talking with Mr. Vanderveld, a man came with bananas to sell. This was a rare

treat to us, and as he did not care to buy I invested in the bunch of about two dozen. They would be most acceptable on the trail.

We camped that night about fifteen miles from Musumba and three miles beyond the Forminiere camp from which Mr. Young had already departed, leaving in charge a well-educated half-caste from French Guinea; a Mr. Topp, who spoke both English and French fluently.

The last four miles of the trail were very bad and I had to walk nearly all the way, so I was dismayed when we came into camp and two men failed to report, one of them being the man with the bananas. I could not wheel back after them on account of the poor trail and the lateness of the hour.

The next morning I found that all but two of the others had slipped out in the night and had gone, taking their salt with them.

The situation was serious. This little village where we had stopped had been utterly stripped of men to furnish carriers, and there was nothing to do but to return to Mwata Yamvo and get other men.

Leaving Mrs. Springer and our boys in the village, I cycled back alone and reached Mwata Yamvo about eleven o'clock. He and

his head men were sitting on a case and when I reported the desertion of his men they spat on the ground with disgust. But it was evident that they were not wholly surprised.

The Chief assured me that I could return and when his workmen reported at noon, he would have twelve of them follow me. I preferred the "bird in the hand" and so told him that I was tired, and would wait and take the men with me.

He called Mbanzi and told him to get me something to eat. Mbanzi ordered one of the Chief's wives to cook me some food and in due time I was served a good meal of roast chicken, baked sweet potatoes, and tea with tinned milk and sugar. I tipped her with some beads and a half a franc, much to her satisfaction. She was one of the wives that had most attracted Mrs. Springer.

At 4 P. M. Mwata Yamvo brought the twelve men and told them that they were to go to Katola with us and that they were to see to it that Katola gave us an equal number of men to go on. But if he did not have them, they must go to Dilolo with us themselves. He gave each man an anklet so that each man was individually responsible and individually empowered to find a substitute for himself, a

clever ruse. I slept at Kapanga's village that night and reached Mrs. Springer early the next morning.

She told me that the previous forenoon, she had heard a great outcry and found that one of the two men who had not deserted in the night had tried to run away, but had been caught by the women of the village and brought back. The women were furious with him and two of them seized sticks and beat the fellow until he begged most abjectly for mercy.

"We will teach you a lesson," they cried savagely, as they belabored him. "We will teach you better than to desert in a village full of women only. Do you want *us* to have to carry your load on for you?" There were no names too bad to apply to him as they danced around him in perfect fury. One woman kicked him and another pounded him with her fists. They certainly beat him into subjection and probably would have seriously injured him had not Mrs. Springer interfered. He did not dare attempt to escape again from that village, though he did desert three days farther on.

We paralleled the river and the next day crossed eighteen streams in nineteen miles, a

record breaker. All along we were charmed with the promise of the country for European style of farming. We picked out the homestead sites in our mind's eye as we went along. Here were beautiful, red clay ridges about four hundred feet above the Lulua and high above these cross streams. Some day, and before many years, we feel that this stretch of country will be dotted with brick farm houses overlooking wide stretches along the Lulua valley.

At one of these streams, the Mwinakadi, we had a terrible time. A fire had swept through the low land on the north side of the stream where the rushes had grown twelve or fifteen feet high. The fire had not consumed the reeds, but had matted them down so that in one place we had to creep on our hands and knees for some yards to get through. A large grove of bananas had been planted here, but being unprotected had now been killed out by the grass fire.

Just north of Katola, we met Lieutenant Hedo and his bicycle corps of native soldiers. He was the first government official to go from Elisabethville to Kapanga, which with the surrounding district had but recently been transferred to the Katanga province of the

Congo. This was the beginning of the administration of this, now the Lulua District, from Elisabethville. Lieutenant Hedo's was one of three separate parties of bicycle corps at that time exploring the whole Katanga.

There were twenty-five of these native soldiers with Lieutenant Hedo, each having a bicycle heavily loaded with kit, gun, and ammunition, and nearly every one decorated with one or more fowls gathered from the native villages. In the rear we met three or four of the soldiers carrying their smashed wheels on their heads. A bicycle is fine so long as it cycles, but when it does not it is a different story.

On Saturday we reached Chibamba's village, a mile from the Kassai Co.'s Katola store. Our carriers showed their bracelets to Chibamba and demanded carriers to take their places.

"I want fourteen men to-morrow to carry my loads to Dilolo," said I.

"My men are all gone now," said the chief. "Fifty are with Lefevre, three have gone to this place, five to another, eight to that place, and they are all scattered."

It was true, as we learned later, that most of his men were gone. But here was one more

white man, and this one had his wife, and in some way he must take care of their loads and get them along to the next stage.

That evening as we sat around the campfire in the village, I stirred the chief up to a reminiscent mood purposely in order to get some additional light on Lunda history. I had been told that he was a son of a former king. Had he known other Mwata Yamvos in the past? The fire lit up his eyes beneath his grisly eyebrows. Had he? And he named them over, the ones that he had personally known, eight in all, and in addition gave me the names of eight more before his time, his father, he said, having been the fifth in the line. Some of them had reigned but a short time, others for a number of years, but in nearly every case the end had been a tragic one. He seemed to think that as long as these assassinations were confined to their own tribe they were insignificant.

"Were there more Alunda or fewer when you were a young man than now?"

"Ah," said he with a wistful look and ardent tone, "those were the good old days, indeed. Then there were villages everywhere, gardens were plenty, we had much food of all kinds, herds of sheep, goats, and cattle, and plenty

of slaves and wives. Ah! Those were the times in which to live! But now—" and he spat on the ground in disgust.

"What has become of all the people?" I asked. One of his ten wives spoke up quickly and said tersely, "The Bachokwe."

Then followed an account of raid after raid by this tribe, who obtained firearms from the Portuguese near the coast and thus had the advantage over their more primitively armed neighbors.

"But did not the Bachokwe originally belong to the Alunda?"

"Yes, they were of our own kin, but one of the chiefs having a falling out with Mwata Yamvo, stirred up a rebellion and fled to the other side of the Kassai River with his following. There they gathered others to their band and grew strong and years later came back and raided us, seized our sons and daughters and sold them for slaves."

"To-day you sell much rubber to the white man; did you gather and sell rubber when you were a boy?"

"No. We sold goats, sheep, fowls and cattle to the Portuguese trader and particularly slaves. One slave for a yard of calico, five slaves for a gun, although there have been

times when we have paid as high as forty slaves for one gun."

"And where did you get all your slaves?"

"Why, to the east, the further interior. Of course when there was a law case against a man, or there was found any stranger unattended or friendless, when there was a witch trial or any such things we had a chance to get slaves here in our own land. *Mwaninga* (yes) those were good old days! But now"—with a helpless gesture—"we can do nothing."

And so we had in epitome the history of tribe after tribe. The Lunda people became powerful through the first Mwata Yamvo. He was a Luba, a strong man who revolted against his own chief and went among the few and feeble Alunda and these he gathered around him and by means of wars made them into a powerful nation and made for himself an empire. His warriors extended his borders while the women made gardens and reared the children. Slaves were the medium of exchange. His name meant "the lord of death," signifying his method of ruling.

An extended empire resulted and his sons were set over the provinces to gather the tribute and send it in to him year by year. The chiefs gave themselves more and more to

luxury, drink, and women as the temporal power increased, and the inevitable came to pass at last when a fool had the chieftainship; the enemies crossed the frontiers with impunity, and the seceded Bachokwe dealt deadly blows as they returned and swept right through the empire from north to south, cutting it in two. Thus the Bachokwe dealt and the Alunda decreased in power until the arrival of the Belgians under the Kassai Co., when a strong check was put on the Bachokwe and help given to the Alunda.

It is needless to say that the Bachokwe have little love for any white man, and bitterly resent the imposition of taxes laid upon them.

But to return to the subject in hand, the necessity of our having carriers.

Chibamba said that while he acknowledged his obligation to furnish carriers if he had them, he had already given Mr. Lefevre fifty carriers and that there were no more men left in his town. The carriers did not accept his word as final, and they swore that they would not go another step, and that if he did not obey the Chief's command his blood would be upon his own head. The discussion waxed warm between them.

On Sunday Jacob reported that the carriers

had taken advantage of my short absence from the village and had left for Mwata Yamvo's. I jumped on my wheel and caught up with them after two or three miles and made them come back. I told them they knew Mwata Yamvo's instructions, and that I did not propose to be left a second time without carriers. They agreed to go on with me.

At daybreak the next morning I was awakened by Jacob, who excitedly informed me that all my carriers had gone. I bolted down the path, but although I rode at breakneck speed for about four miles, there was no trace of them and I had to return. They evidently knew that the chief, Chibamba, could furnish the carriers and determined to force him to do it.

The chief still protested that he had no men, but the agent of the Kassai Co., who knew the local situation well, came down and convinced the chief that he not only could but must give us carriers. He really exerted himself now to get us men for the next day, but when the morning came I had to go around the village with one of his young men and actually haul them out, some from under the beds and other places of hiding. They came laughing at having been caught, and so at last

we were able to move on, Chibamba going with us until noon. From here to Lukoshi carriers were a daily and hourly problem, and truly it was a case of working our passage.

NOTE

"The Lunda people seem to have had some community of origin with the Lua or Luba, whose range extends between Lake Tanganyika and the Kassai, south of the sixth parallel, S. Lat. This Luba-Lunda group of Bantu peoples must have reached their first home on the south-west coast of Tanganyika (Lukuga-Marungu) from the north by traveling along the western side of the lake. Then they extended in time across the Congo basin south of the dense forest region.

"Their rise into prominence may have been contemporaneous with the English Renaissance—say between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—a period during which there were notable Bantu migrations and foundings of states in (Central and) South Africa. First the Bakuba, and later the Alunda arose as conquering and ruling castes through skill in weapon-making, hunting, and warfare. An individual here and there probably of Hima (Gala) descent, would emerge from the crowd and, by dint of courage, resource, inventiveness, or the obtaining of better weapons, become a mighty hunter and thus supply his people with food and adornments. Round him a community would group itself, attracting other communities till a kingdom or empire was founded. It was thus the kingdoms of Uganda and Unyoro, of Kongo and the Luba, Lunda and Kioko and other Bantu countries came into existence. No doubt this commencement of Bantu state-building was a far-off echo of the Arab invasions of North Central Africa and even of the

European Renaissance. These movements, with their introduction of a higher civilization and superior weapons, affected the Hamites and Nilotic negroes, who, in turn, reacted on the Bantu of the lake regions. According to the researches of Torday, Carvalho and others, a Luba prince seems to have infused the divine fire into the Lunda or Bungo people (the word, Lunda, it may be remarked, means "brother, friend, comrade" in the southern Luba dialects). A Lunda adventurer settled about three hundred years ago on the Kangombe plateau in S. E. Angola, and from out of the Makosa tribe formed the celebrated raiding tribe, Kioko or Chibokwe.

"The Mwata Yamvo, who, until the foundation of the Congo Free State and the division of spheres of influence between it and Portugal was practically suzerain over all the Lunda and many of the Luba peoples, is the fourteenth in descent from the traditional founder of this dynasty in the seventeenth century. At one time the influence of this monarchy stretched as far to the southeast as the lands of the Kazembe, east of Lake Mweru, and as far west as the Kwango River and the boundaries of Angola.

"About a hundred years ago a Lunda adventurer, at the head of a hunting or raiding caravan, established himself among the Bayaka on the Kwango River. Previous to this even a great trading race, the Imbangala, had been formed in the valley of the middle Kwango by a mixture of Lunda with less civilized people—probably the cannibal and savage 'Jaggers' of Portuguese territory."—Sir Harry H. Johnston in "George Grenfell."

CHAPTER XIII

THROUGH DILOLO

On the second we left the main trail to reach the Forminiere Camp so as to meet the other two Americans, Messrs. Johnson and McVey. The trail was exceedingly rough and we passed through seven deserted villages where there had been a large native population. The natives told us that some government officials had been stealing cattle and that the people had risen in rebellion and many had fled across the Kassai into the hinterland of Angola, where they would be undisturbed by Europeans. They had left their villages and gardens in the hope, evidently, of returning after this Chokwe rebellion had subsided and a change for the better had taken place.

The weariness caused by successive days of watching the carriers brought on fever, and we looked forward to reaching a white man's camp where we could have a day of rest and cheer. In this we were destined to be disappointed, for on reaching Luembe we were told by the capita in charge that the two white men

had been away from camp three weeks, but were expected home at any time. I gave him a note, and told him to send it at once, telling his masters that we would go on to a certain village the next night and of our route on to Dilolo so that if possible we could meet somewhere on the way.

But we left the next morning without much hope of seeing them. The next night as we encamped a messenger arrived saying that his masters were not far away, and hearing that we were in the vicinity had sent him to find us. I got on my wheel and went with the boy and found them encamped three miles away. They had made twenty-seven miles that day in a desperate effort to reach us and could not move their men any further that night, but said they would be over to breakfast the next morning.

Indeed, they were there before we were quite dressed at the very break of dawn. They, like ourselves, were a hard looking sight. Traveling through the long grass, which cuts like a knife, over burnt veld, and through dew-laden vleis, soon reduces the best outfitted travelers to the appearance of hobos.

But we cared not a whit for the looks of our clothes. No one can express the mutual joy

of meeting our own countrymen in this seemingly out-of-the-world place. These two men had not seen a white woman for nearly two years. As soon as they had received my note they had hastily packed and, following their compasses, for there was no direct trail, had pushed their men toward the point where they had hoped to intercept us. They said they would have gone three times that distance out of their way to see an English-speaking person and especially a white woman.

We decided to celebrate the Fourth of July together, although it was only the 29th of June. We were nearly out of European food, except for the flour Mr. Young had given and one of the 57 varieties of pickles. And, by the way, we will never forget the warm glow that once came over us while traveling in one of the most forsaken parts of the continent many, many miles from white men or native villages, when once we met about one hundred almost nude carriers going to a far distant station, and caught the sight of a familiar box whose cheerful red letters proclaimed it to be "Heinz Tomato Catsup." And along with it the "57 varieties" which brought up visions of street car signs and bustling streets of a noisy metropolis in which our minds traveled for

the next few hours while our feet mechanically slogged, slogged over the wildest wilds of Africa.

Messrs. Johnson and McVey were prospecting for gold, and the result of their work thus far led them to be very sanguine about the future of this section of country from a mining point of view.

They were much concerned about our project of going on south to Dilolo, since they had been down there not long before when the Chokwe rebellion broke forth, and had had to leave in a hurry.

Coming one night about sundown to a Chokwe village they had made their camp and exchanged presents with the chief as usual. All was most amicable when a messenger arrived. The chief immediately came over and told them that about two hundred and fifty armed warriors would reach his town that night, and that he could not possibly answer for the lives of the white men if they were caught there. These men were roused to the highest pitch of insurrection by certain things that had occurred and they would shoot the first white men they saw regardless of who they were. So the chief urged them to leave.

But before he had finished speaking the

carriers had tied up their loads and were off, and there was nothing for Messrs. Johnson and McVey to do but to follow. As a usual thing the white man leads his caravan and it is hard to get the carriers to keep up, but this time it was reversed. These carriers, being Alunda and not Chokwe, knew that the safety of their own skins lay in getting as far away as possible from that advancing Chokwe army, so they took the lead, and all night long the two white men had to race for all their legs were worth, following the dim black objects ahead.

The affair was not without its humorous phase, though they were all too alarmed to see any humor in it at the time. Shortly after Johnson and McVey had reached this village, a Kassai Co. man arrived also. This particular man had the reputation of being a dandy of the first class. He always rode in his monocycle or was carried in a machilla; in fact, he was practically never known to walk. It was Mr. Lefevre who said of him, "He always comes into camp absolutely immaculate. I do not know how he manages it, but he always looks as if he had just come from his bath, attired in spotless linen, shaved, and not a hair displaced. The rest of us can never get

the secret of being so spotless at all times, no matter what the path is."

But when the summons came on this particular night, the Monsieur knew his fate if he lagged behind, and so there was nothing for it but to leg it also for a weary thirty miles through the dark on the veld and certainly for once in his life, at least, did not arrive at his destination in an immaculate condition. He told us later that he was stiff and footsore for a week or more after that unusual bit of exercise.

In view of their personal experiences, our compatriots strongly advised us to turn due east and abandon any attempt to go to Dilolo.

"You cannot go through the Chokwe country," they assured us, "even if you could get carriers from Dilolo, which you surely will not be able to do."

But while they had reason on their side, I had engaged these carriers to go to Dilolo, and I did not feel that I ought to turn aside in another direction for any light reason.

Mrs. Springer was as strongly convinced as myself that we should go on as we had started. In the first place, to turn to the east over the pathless veld would very likely mean that all our carriers would desert us and that we

should be left in a very bad situation. From that viewpoint alone, it seemed the better policy to press on to Dilolo. But also, it was important that we explore that section now while we had the chance, so that we might see the conditions there and know its missionary possibilities for the future.

So bidding farewell to our friends, who, just as they were packing up, found a plum pudding—all they had left in their "chop boxes" —and gave it to us in parting, we gained the main path by noon and had covered twenty-seven miles before we camped that night. My wheel had been in a very sullen mood for several days now, and on this day I had been thrown from it three times. Have you ever noticed how a bicycle seems to take on a living personality at times? How it loses its semblance to a mere machine and acts as if impelled by a thinking, acting brain? At such times we are wont to speak of it as being "possessed," and certainly mine had acted for days as if possessed of an evil spirit. It played up on me like a bucking bronco.

In the three days from here to Dilolo we were on the Lulua-Kassai divide, which is nearly four thousand feet above sea level, but very swampy in places.

We passed through several large Lunda villages. Just before reaching Dilolo, we went through a very large settlement of ex-slaves that the Belgians had freed from Angola natives who had been raiding in the Congo. These were settled under the protection of the government Poste at Dilolo. Probably twenty tribes were represented among them.

On the other side of the Poste, the similar settlements were predominantly Lunda. Swarms of children busy at nothing but heathen games were to be seen. What a magnificent opportunity is lying neglected here! The Benguella Railway from Lobito Bay to Chilongo will probably pass right by Dilolo. What a great gain if we could reach these towns before the advent of the railway and its accompanying evil influences!

Mr. Classon, the agent of the Kassai Co., greeted us most cordially. He regretted that his store was so nearly empty that he could let us have only a small amount of trading goods. The carriers from Kapanga would not come to Dilolo on account of the rebellion, but for that matter, Kapanga could not get loads from the north, so that there were no loads to forward. The situation was a very critical one. The transport system has been steadily

getting worse there ever since, and the only hope is the advance of the Benguella Railway, which unfortunately has been held back by this European war.

Mr. Lefevre was here also, having come directly from Kimpuki, across country. He was ill with fever. It seemed to us that much of the cause of so much fever among the Belgians was due to the plan of their houses and the lack of provision for a fire during the cool evenings. Their dining-room is usually in the center of the house with no outer wall between it and the veranda. It is like a cave of the winds on most evenings. Their other rooms are large, and we have never seen a fireplace in any of their houses. We ourselves have a fire morning and evening nearly eight months in the year in Africa, especially evenings, even when we are in tents on the trail. So do many Britishers, and we are confident that this prevents a great deal of sickness. Take it all in all, in spite of over five thousand miles of travel in all sorts of country and over native trails, we have had a remarkably small amount of fever. This is due, we believe, to our care against getting chilled, our temperate lives, the use of mosquito nets at night, if possible, and the taking of no undue or foolhardy risks.

We also follow the practice of taking five grains of quinine a day when on the trail.

Mr. Classon referred me to the headman of one of the near villages, who, he said, would give me men if anyone would.

I immediately got into touch with this man, and he came to our camp bringing a present. We arranged with him to supply us with eight carriers to go to Chilemo. This was the path that we had expected to take and we followed our rule of continuing in the course decided upon until absolutely hindered or turned aside. Our Gideon's test here was that if we could get men to go on the Chilemo path we would go that way. But if, after exhausting every means to go that way, we failed, we would see by what other route we could get back to Lukoshi, which was about one hundred and fifty miles due east of Dilolo.

I went over to the Dilolo Poste, or fort, with its ramparts and moat, accessible by means of a drawbridge. Everything there seemed quiet, though the military forces were much in evidence. I met Monsieur Martin, Chef du Secteur, and with him was Lieutenant Clique, who had accompanied Lieutenant Hedo from Elisabethville. He was under instructions to wait here for a party which was following

from Elisabethville to take over the administration of this section incidental to its transfer to the Katanga province.

Dilolo is in the remotest southwest corner of the Belgian Congo, and this Lulua District had up to this time been administered from Boma. It was so remote that the higher officials seldom, if ever, penetrated there. And when King Leopold's reign was over and Belgium as a nation, with the humane and progressive King Albert at the head, took over the administration, orders were given at once to cease all oppression of the natives and administer the country with regard to the rights and welfare of the natives.

But it was no light task to reverse and revolutionize the administration of a territory more than seventy times the size of Belgium, and where travel was very slow and transportation most difficult.

Another great problem was the personnel of the officials. While many of them had disapproved of the old order and had rejoiced at the new policy, falling in line with it at once, yet a considerable percentage of the officials had thoroughly imbibed Leopold's avaricious spirit and his viewpoint that he held the country for what he could get out of it.

As these men had profited largely from percentages on rubber, ivory, and other commodities of the royal stores, as well as by private looting of the natives, they naturally favored the old régime. And while the authorities desired to weed out officials of this class, it was manifestly impossible to do so in a day or even in a year.

The Dilolo Poste being so remote, had been therefore one of the last to be brought under the new order.

It must be remembered that men will deteriorate rapidly when submerged in heathenism and will very often adopt a point of view that would have been utterly repugnant to them on entering such service as this; and where not checked by higher officials and a thoroughly sane policy, they will naturally go to extremes.

I found at the Poste, much to my surprise, that Leopold's portraits occupied several prominent places, whereas no portrait of King Albert could be seen. "Ah!" I said to myself, "this accounts for the actions of some of these officials." In reality they have not learned of the death of Leopold and the consequent passing of his methods of administration—and of the coming of the new King and a new régime.

Mr. Martin, a natty young fellow of mixed

Belgian and Portuguese origin, asked about our route and strongly advised me not to take the Chilemo path. In fact he all but positively forbade my going that way, as it was on that path near Nkuku's that his soldiers had been attacked under his assistant and two native soldiers had been killed. He repeated his warning two or three times and advised us to go on the path to the north of east.

But while I knew that it would likely be fatal for him to take that path, I had little to fear for my own party, as the natives had nothing against us.

The trouble had arisen over unjust deals in cattle with the natives and by the treatment of the native women. The natives suffered long and might have endured the cattle deals, but when it came to their own wives it was too much for them. They had all justice on their side.

From the Poste, I went a mile away to a store owned by a Portuguese named Courrier, and there I met a veterinary, Dr. Hubert. I saw quite a herd of cattle at that place, one of which was being slaughtered for beef at the time.

Much to the surprise of all the Europeans at Dilolo, our carriers were on hand the next

forenoon, and we started for Chilemo. Both M. Martin and Lieutenant Clique shook their heads when they learned that we expected to spend that night at Nkuku's.

Our party kept close together on the trail. As we neared Nkuku's old town, we saw a sentry dash away to give warning of our approach. Our carriers showed signs of nervousness. As we came into the old town and saw that it was utterly deserted and burned, we began to look for a path to the new town, and at last my boys picked up indications of a new path.

Mrs. Springer suggested that while I kept at the front, she would drop behind to prevent any of our men bolting. Some distance away we saw some women at a water hole, but as we approached they disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. From time to time we discerned the figure of a native who also disappeared. We knew that there were sentries all along and each was running to the chief with a new message about us.

Our path lay along the edge of a vlei on one side and a rubber forest on the other. The sun was just going down and the uncanny stillness, broken only by the murmur of some member of the caravan as he saw another sentry

run, began to get on our nerves. But for my guarding one end of the caravan and my wife the other, all of the Dilolo men would have bolted, of that I am certain.

Now the path suddenly came into one of the mafunda jungles, and though we could plainly hear the voices of men, women, and children we could see no one. It seemed to us that the walls of Troy were simple beside the entrance to this Chokwe town. So intricate were the paths that Mrs. Springer and I became separated, and while she could hear my voice on the other side of a mafunda thicket, she could not see me nor learn how to reach me until one of the natives acted as guide. I had no guns with me, and the presence of my wife was ample evidence to them that whoever I might be I was on a peaceable errand. There can be no doubt but that the sentries had brought word that I was unarmed and had my wife with me, else it is possible that I would have been held up long before I had ever reached the encampment.

As soon as I saw any of the people, I asked for Nkuku and was told that he was not there. I said that I wished to camp there for the night, and was directed to one of the open places so common to this kind of jungle. Our

Dilolo men and our own boys were questioned as to who we were and what we were doing there, and when the people were fully satisfied regarding us Nkuku himself came out and greeted us, bringing a present of meal and a fowl.

We camped in that open circle surrounded by Bachokwe on every side. After supper Nkuku came to our evening fire and sat and chatted with us for an hour or more. He gave us an account of the oppression that had led up to the rebellion, the taking of the cattle with practically no payment, and then the seizure of the women. Then he said, "We would not have been men if we had not risen to the defense of our wives and children."

I was glad to be able to reassure him as to the future. I told him that the officials they had had in the past did not truly represent the new king. In response to my queries they said that, yes, they had always had honest dealings with the Kassai Co. men, and yes, they were "Bula Matadi" also. I assured them that the new king was a man with a good heart toward his people.

I asked the chief if he had never had bad messengers go forth and pervert his words and misrepresent him. He admitted that he

had. Even so, I told him, these officials misrepresent their king. Other officials were even now on the path coming to Dilolo to set matters right for the native people.

He said that he was glad. Neither he nor his people wanted war. They were for peace all the time but, he repeated, "we would not be men if we allowed our women and children to be mistreated and killed and did not rise to defend them."

This talk with him prepared the way and probably did much toward his meeting the Commandant a month later and coming to a friendly understanding.

We had been overwhelmed with meal from Nkuku's people, who had plenty of meal but no salt, so they wished to make the exchange. While we were at breakfast three of our Dilolo men cleared out. Not one of Nkuku's young bucks would consider carrying a load for us and, in fact, none of them would guide us, so that the chief himself had to lead us out of his labyrinth of jungle onto the main path nearly three miles away. We had to put two loads into the mono-cycle and Mrs. Springer had to walk several miles.

Getting carriers from day to day, and in some cases from village to village, we passed

through the danger zone and came to Chilemo on the fourth day. Here were three white men of the Kassai Co. who made our stay as pleasant as possible, and when the surly Chokwe chief failed to give us any carriers, they called their own personal boys and sent them with us one day's trek.

Along here the villages were a great mixture of Chokwe, Luena, Lunda, and Andembwe. The difficulties with carriers only increased, and it was a weary caravan that came to Mpumba's old village one evening after sundown only to find desolation and solitude.

In the center was the hut where Mpumba was buried. This was the very town where ten months previously we had seen the swarms of lively children who had raced so merrily with my bicycle, the first they had ever seen. It was here that we had felt such a warmth of hospitality and interest and where we had been surrounded with youths eager to tell us Luunda words.

Now most of the huts were burned and there was litter all over the place. Mpumba had been shot in consequence of a quarrel with a neighboring chief, and was the fourth headman to be thus murdered in two years.

The next morning we faced a sullen, almost

icy cold river, so different from the merry, sparkling little river in whose warm waters we had so gladly waded before. We found it impossible to wade across at that spot, but finally got across farther up where the water reached nearly to our thighs and the current was very swift and strong. Mrs. Springer had to wade too, it being impossible to carry her over in safety.

About seven miles on we came to Samilunga's village and, getting new carriers, pushed on to Lukoshi, a day's march of twenty-two miles.

Thus ended a journey of six hundred miles, covering eight weeks of time, and one of the most trying we had ever experienced.

Besides our own boys, of whom there were six, we had needed an additional twelve each day. We ought to have had that many to go with us from Kazembe's villages making the round trip. But instead of that we had a total of over one hundred and fifty different carriers, and fifty of these ran away before doing the amount of the journey which they had agreed upon.

Truly it was a land needy of the Gospel.

CHAPTER XIV

A DELUGE OF BELGIANS

How beautiful our house looked as we climbed the western bank at Lukoshi and it came into view! Not even Windsor Castle could compare in our eyes with this crude mud and pole structure with its leaky grass-thatched roof, for it was our HOME. And after two months of living in a small, hot tent, it was a treat to be in a bedroom once more and to sleep on a real bed, even though that bed were made of poles and the mattress of lumpy grass.

And then the luxury of having fresh goat's milk and vegetables, though Billy had eaten more beans than was good for him and thus reduced the number that came to the table. But there was plenty of fresh, crispy lettuce and cucumbers, and we fairly reveled in the pleasure of occupying our simple home again.

We now settled down in our minds to nine months of solid routine work, the only solid foundation on which to build. It is the quiet, steady, uneventful plugging along that estab-

lishes confidence among the people, trains a native ministry, and forms the very bulwark of a Mission.

One of the first things to be done now was to build a new bridge at the west crossing, so that another rainy season would not find us cut off from the outside world, and we would have to use our bath for a boat in which to bring over the mail.

On the fifth day after our return, just as the boys were dismantling the bridge, Jim came up to the house saying that there was a white man crossing the bridge. As we had had but one visit from a white man during the year that we had been there, we were greatly surprised.

I went to meet him and learned that it was M. Garnier, who brought a letter from Commandant Gosme, the new Commissaire of the Lulua District of the Katanga, stating that he had heard of the revolt near Dilolo and had sent M. Garnier ahead to afford us protection. Appreciative of his thoughtfulness, we could not but smile as we recalled our trip right through the seat of the revolt and our search of and visit to Nkuku.

We found M. Garnier to be a perfect gentleman, and although he did not speak a word

of English and we scarcely any French, yet we managed to make ourselves mutually understood and enjoyed his company very much in the intervening five days before the rest of the party arrived. He was then under appointment to Dilolo, but in a few months was sent to Kapanga, where Mr. Heinkel found him in charge the next June. His advice and assistance to Mr. Heinkel at that time were very valuable.

M. Garnier had some fifty native soldiers with him. He camped a mile from us on the other side of the river, and built a caravansary of three roofs on the new cleared path that Lieutenant Hedo had instructed the chiefs along the way to clear from Kambove to Dilolo via Kayoyo.

Five days later Commandant Gosme, accompanied by Lieutenant Braussè, arrived with some fifty more soldiers, and the party rested in the caravansary for a week. This gave the opportunity to call in the chiefs and explain the new administration to them. Kazembe had to hustle his people for miles around to bring in food required for the native police, their families, and the carriers. All this was paid for in Belgian currency, an attempt to get the natives used to cash; but, as they

said to me later with a wry face: "What is the use of cash when there are no stores in which to spend it? We cannot eat francs, and francs will not keep us warm at night."

The Belgians paid the natives a good price for all that they got, but it nearly cleaned out this shiftless and improvident communitiy so that real suffering followed from the shortage of food before the year was out.

Commandant Gosme was a burly, brusk, capable administrator, with sixteen years' experience in the Congo, just the type of man needed for the task in this District. We were able to give him a sketch of the route to Dilolo with names of all the villages en route and much information as to the country, particularly that pertaining to the revolt. We told him how Nkuku had professed his entire allegiance to the Belgian administration while revolting against certain of its administrators.

The Commandant greatly appreciated our viewpoint of the revolt, as it coincided with his own conclusions. In passing, I am glad to say that he sent word to Nkuku of his peaceful approach and had a most satisfactory interview with him, bringing about an early termination of the revolt in that section at least.

During the stay of the officials, we had many

times of breaking bread together and were interested to hear the new plans concerning mail and other routes. So far, all our mail had come through Kaleni Hill in Rhodesia, eighty miles away. Now the Government was to establish a weekly mail route past our very door. What a joy to get our mail in this manner and so much quicker!

These three white men left on the 24th of July, and the next day Captain Legeois arrived with about fifty soldiers and one hundred and fifty carriers. The natives were absolutely dismayed at the thought of having to feed another such an army. Kazembe came to me privately and especially requested that I write a letter telling the Belgians to leave the country. He did not care for their protection, he did not want their help, and, above all, he did not want to pay taxes. The Africans share with others the wish to enjoy the benefits of government without payment of taxes. For in spite of his vaunted independence not many months later Kazembe came to me in great fright and wanted me to write another letter begging the "Bula Matadi" to protect him from an old enemy.

Right on the heels of Captain Legeois came Messrs. Anglebert and Truyens from the

southeast, and the following day Captain Legeois and M. Angelbert left for Dilolo and after another day's visit with us M. Truyens turned back to his isolated station on the border where he was customs officer—where no customs were to be received.

So, while for nine months of the previous year we had not seen another white person besides our three selves, we now had had in the past three weeks Belgians and more Belgians and still more Belgians. To be sure though numbering only six in all, they seemed more like sixty, and entirely disturbed our hitherto quiet living.

When we opened our third year of school on July 31, there was a definite interrogation in our minds as to where we would be when we opened the fourth year of the Fox Bible Training School a year hence. Would this influx of Belgian officials create a new center west of us near Dilolo and thus increase the importance of this location? Or would the development of the country to the north enable us to push on and occupy at Mwata Yamvo's? We could only work on quietly and await further indications.

CHAPTER XV

SECOND SEASON AT LUKOSHI

On our return to Lukoshi from the trip to Mwata Yamvo's, we found two new applicants for the school, Mubita and Yambi, who had come several hundred miles from their home in Barotseland, near the Victoria Falls. They were in search of a school where they could learn English. Mubita had attended a vernacular school for six months in his own country, and in that time had mastered all the books available and the subjects taught there. This had whetted his appetite. He wanted more and broader schooling, and above all he wanted English, the language of power in South and Central Africa.

Now English as a subject was out of the scope of that mission. Some missions deprecate the natives learning English. But it is not in the power of any mission nor of all missions put together to determine whether the natives shall or shall not learn English. English they hear and English they will learn,

not only to speak, but to read and write, even though they have to cross the continent or even the ocean itself in order to get it. Scores and hundreds of natives have gone to England or America in quest of a higher education than they can find in Africa, rarely with the best results for themselves.

The only question that Missions can settle ultimately is where such aspiring youths can secure their hearts' desire, and whether it shall be under conditions which develop the best that is in them and meet their real needs as well as satisfying their ambitions. Many a bright, promising youth has been lost to the particular mission field in which he was found, and in too many cases to the Kingdom itself, by the refusal of those missions to meet the needs and satisfy the normal and proper aspirations awakened within them.

Mubita and Yambi had passed several mission schools in their journey to us and had considered their merits. But either these schools, like those they had left, were limited to the vernacular consisting ofttimes of not more than six to ten textbooks at the very outside, or else they offered very little English and the school was conducted solely by women. Not satisfied with such prospects, they pressed

on until at last they heard of a school far away in the great forest and searched us out and were accepted.

There is a small group of missions, largely undenominational or interdenominational, who contend for what they choose to term "an evangelistic" policy in opposition to the methods pursued by nearly all the large organizations under the regular church boards which these same parties characterize as "the educational policy."

The evangelistic policy, followed notably by the societies representing communions who look for a speedy end of this dispensation and of the second coming of our Lord for the millennium, calls for the major part of the missionary effort to be given to the evangelization of the present generation. In many of these missions their main efforts are largely in preaching the Gospel to the adults.

What schools they do have are solely in the vernacular, and a bright lad will go through all the books printed in that vernacular within a year of entering school and starting on the alphabet. Then he wants more, and if he cannot get it here will seek new pastures. Occasionally some of the individual missionaries will take him on as a private pupil, but

this means irregular and much interrupted progress.

We have known missions following this policy who have not had a single trained native to help in school and evangelistic work after working twenty-five years in the country, and consequently not an out-station. And where there have been found such evangelists, their knowledge was so shallow that they could not continue long in one place with acceptance. To do good evangelistic work, the natives must have the Bible and there are very few African languages to-day into which the whole of the Bible has been translated.

Moreover, the use of women teachers exclusively in boys' schools is not the best arrangement, however excellent the teaching may be. For centuries women have occupied a subordinate position in the heathen world, so where the school work is left entirely to women, it naturally does not bulk largely in the native mind as "a man's job." The native understands and accepts the fact that the missionary's wife or other lady members of the mission must do a large part of the teaching so long as the man does all that he possibly can. It is very important that the male missionary takes the head and lead of the school as princi-

pal, teaching as many classes as he can, especially one or more Bible classes every day.

In contradistinction to the merely "evangelistic" policy, is a broader one followed notably by most of the leading American, English, Scotch, and Continental Societies. These, while not neglecting in any way the preaching of the Gospel in all the villages far and near, place education as the primary and most important charge and activity of the mission, setting their hope on the rising generation.

This is on the well-recognized truth that the world cannot be evangelized solely by foreign missionaries. Even if that were possible, it would not be desirable. Africa cannot possibly be evangelized by the white man, the American Negro, or any other foreigner, therefore our supreme obligation and opportunity is to raise up a native ministry, thus multiplying our lives many fold in these new agents of the Gospel.

Of the one hundred boys or more that we and others had in our school and under our training in eastern Rhodesia from 1901 to 1906, fully thirty are to-day engaged in teaching and preaching, most of them in charge of stations out in the villages.

Of the fifty different young men connected with this entirely new work during the past

five years in Central Africa, fully a dozen are already capable of holding services and teaching schools and are so employed.

We make the school an evangelistic center and a supreme evangelistic opportunity. The daily Bible classes give an unexcelled opportunity to instill the divine truth and to ground the religious character. Once or twice a year we are wont to set apart a week for special meetings for prayer and definite commitment, and on most of these occasions, time and time again, before the close of that week's meetings, every boy in the school has intelligently and definitely taken a stand as committing himself to God.

Normal school methods for the training of native teachers are employed in our schools, and the older boys are set to teaching the younger ones. Moreover, the senior students are sent to teach day schools in the near villages, mine compounds, or wherever an opportunity is found. As we hold the station school only in the forenoon, this enables no little evangelistic and teaching work to be done afternoons.

There is convincing proof of its value wherever the broader policy of fitting the natives for evangelistic work and Christian leadership

among their own people has been carried on. It is the natural method. They know their people, they speak their language, they understand their trend of thought, they are acquainted with their customs, they are used to their mode of life. In the truest and ultimate sense, this *is* the evangelistic method.

In our work at Lukoshi we sent our boys out far and near teaching and preaching in the whole region round about, and this we could not have prepared them to do had the teaching been confined to the vernacular in which at that time we did not have one printed book. But even in those older missions, where, after fifty to seventy-five years there is a translation of the whole Bible into the vernuacular, there is still such a limited native literature that leaders cannot be trained to do efficient work by it alone.

We do, however, confine our teaching in English to the boarding schools. We sent out our boys daily to all the villages round about, taking homemade charts whereby they taught the elementary lessons of the vernacular, teaching hymns which we had duplicated on the typewriter, and also having the children memorize what few portions of Scripture we had translated.

We had only eleven boys in the Training School when we opened it in July. These were from seven different tribes, and at times it was hard to keep the peace between them. On one occasion, as the boys were sitting around their fire in the evening, they got to telling of different tribal characteristics, and in a teasing way Peter quietly remarked that the Andembwe ate chicken hawks. Now Mutombo's mother was a Mundembwe and he immediately resented this statement; heated words passed between the two until Mutombo suddenly jumped to his feet, ran to his room, rolled up his blanket and started off on the run. He would not remain on the same station with a boy who would say that his people ate chicken hawks.

Peter was terribly upset over the matter, and the next day started out and was gone two days searching for the runaway, who was quietly sitting at Kazembe's village at the time and who returned of his own accord the next day. After that Peter curbed his spirit of teasing considerably.

Not long after this poor Mutombo was acting as our table boy and fell into the temptation of stealing sugar. As we had no doors to lock, it was impossible for us to keep things

Lukoshi Station, 1912, Front and Side Views

under lock and key. Moreover, years before we had decided that such was not the best way to instill the principles of honesty. So when we discovered what was going on, I took the houseboys and told them that I had trusted them and should continue to do so in the future. That they must be trained to be men and overcome a desire to steal things placed in their care. We have found it to be very unusual for our house boys to steal from us. We keep a pretty good watch on our things, but do not lock them up. This stopped the stealing at that time.

About this time we had sent two of our own boys to Kaleni for the mail, as only our first-class matter was coming by the Belgian route. We still had to get our parcel post the other way. These two boys were on their way back when they were scared by a lion and had to spend the whole night in a tree. It was a long time before we could get any others to make the trip.

One of our pleasantest recollections of the next few weeks was the holding of our prayer meetings out in the yard by the glowing fire, especially when there was a moon. We had by this time cleared a considerable space in the yard and there was no scarcity of firewood.

So we would have a big fire and all gather around it.

We will never forget some of these prayer meetings on the moonlight nights. From the villages came the sounds of dancing and the sensual merry-making of heathenism. The moon takes a great hold on people. Here around our glowing campfire, with Christian hymns, repeating of Scriptures from memory, prayers of thanksgiving to the great Father, every one of our boys took some part, and most of them testified to their gratitude that they had been led to know God as their Father and Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

At this time as problems arose, of daily control of the school, of teaching in simplest terms the essential Gospel message, of planning for the future, and, more than all, of growing in one's own religious experience, there was the frequent necessity for going into the sequestered places of the great forest to be alone with God. We shall ever look back with gratitude for the privilege of those years when the voice of the outside world was little heard and where in humble silence the message of the Father penetrated to the very depth of our souls.

We were impressed over and over again with the sentiment suggested by George Matheson

on Exodus 13:17, 18 that "the children of Israel needed the wilderness and the wilderness needed them." Truly we needed the wilderness as much as the wilderness needed us.

On the first of September we received a flying visit from Mr. P. B. Last, of the Plymouth Brethren, whose station was at Bunkeya's, fifty-two miles northeast of Kambove. He had been on a visit to Kaleni Hill (from which at this time of writing we have just learned that he has just carried off Miss Hoyt as his wife), and was now on his way back.

From him we learned that no Protestant Mission had been established at Elisabethville, and that no Mission work whatever had been established at Kambove, toward which point the Cape-to-Cairo Railway was now approaching.

As a Mission the Plymouth Brethren had been approached to open a work at Elisabethville, and they had carefully considered the matter, with the conclusion that there were two distinct fields of work: that in the villages where they, the members of the Garenganze Mission established by Mr. Frederick Arnot, had labored for twenty-five years, and where they were known by the natives. This field

they could not abandon and it now demanded more than their full force of workers. In fact, if they had ten times their present force, it could be fully utilized in the eastern part of the Katanga in the Luba-Sanga field.

On the other hand, mining and town work was opening up, constituting a separate field. To enter and care for it would demand all of their present force and more. So they had definitely decided to remain by the village work, for which they were directly responsible and in which they were well established, leaving to others the occupation of the towns and industrial centers.

This message came to us as from above, and in that unmistakable way in which the Spirit can make clear to the individual soul that a certain message of the sacred page or of a living voice is for him and comes as an individual revelation.

All uncertainty concerning our future speedily vanished, and ere another month had passed we knew that the two new stations to be built the next year would be at Mwata Yamvo's and at Kambove.

CHAPTER XVI

THE EXODUS FROM LUKOSHI

THE remaining months of 1912 sped by filled to overflowing with busy labor on school and language. There were several of the little boys from the adjoining villages who came to us, and for a number of weeks Mrs. Springer had held a school for the girls in the afternoons.

The girls in this section were the most hopeless that we have ever seen, but we felt that at least some effort must be made to reach them. When we announced the invitation to come to school, the mothers appeared and said that if the girls came to the school they must be paid in salt. Mrs. Springer replied that she would *not* pay them in salt. She would furnish the beads for the beadwork and calico for the sewing classes, but they would get no pay. The girls came and the school grew until it numbered more than twenty.

I had begun the translation of Mark, and though it was slow work I pushed on, hoping to get the first draft completed before April or

May when the rains would be over; for there was no thought in our minds that we would leave before May.

But the rains came on at the beginning of September, and all through that month were quite heavy. Then came a month of practically no rain, and the native gardens dried up and hunger stalked abroad through that section. In November there again were heavy rains, but December was dry. The maize crops in Rhodesia were a total failure, and all the people around Kazembe's were practically on the verge of starvation. Whole villages packed up and moved to the north where there was better soil, and where they could buy food to keep them alive until they could get their gardens going. We often had to close our school on Thursdays and send most of the boys to distant villages to get food for our station.

Commandant Gosme had now established headquarters at Kafakumba, four days due north of us, and he and the Chef du Poste at Kayoyo were sending messengers to Kazembe telling him that he must have his people pay their taxes. Kazembe was in a rage and sent word to me two or three times and finally came in person to say what practically amounted to this, that if I were any good at

all I would write a letter and drive all the Belgians out of the country.

A month later he got word that Chipepela was advancing to make war on him, and he hustled over to me again begging me to write to the Commandant and have him stop Chipepela. I wrote this letter for him, and Kazembe was so grateful that he brought me a goat and some fowls as a payment, but I refused to accept them under the circumstances.

The reader may ask why the Government should demand taxes when there was a famine. Because both the Government and ourselves were wanting laborers and carriers, and were willing to pay for them. The men could have had plenty to eat while working, earning enough to feed their families and pay their taxes, but they would rather sit in their villages or move to remote places than do anything of the kind. They would rather starve in idleness than work and have plenty. This is very unlike the average African, who is willing to work if he is paid and gets plenty to eat.

On December 23 two messengers arrived with a basket of fowls as a present from Mwata Yamvo, who they said was at Kafakumba. He

had hoped to get as far as our station, but was not able to do so. He sent imperative word for Kazembe to come there and bring his tribute. I told Kazembe that I was going up in four days and he had better go with me. He held up his hands saying that he could never get ready in that time.

"Yes, you can," emphatically broke in his head wife in disgust. So he said he would. He needed protection through some of that country, and I was ready to give it to him. But at the last minute he found some excuse for not going, and again stayed at home and devoured the tribute prepared for Mwata Yamvo.

Mrs. Springer and I pushed on as hard as we could, but on reaching Kafakumba New Year's Day, found to our regret that Mwata Yamvo had left a few days previously. Had we but known it, he had stopped there about six weeks, during which time most of the chiefs had been sent for, and the Government had made it very clear to them that Mwata Yamvo was still their great Chief, and that his word to them was law; moreover, that all domestic slavery must cease.

With the opening of 1913, after our trip to Kafakumba, events began to shape themselves

for our departure to build the two permanent stations on which we had decided.

It was agreed that Mr. Heinkel should go up to Mwata Yamvo and build a house there, and then in October come down to Kambove. We were fully expecting that the new missionary for that station would be leaving America in March, and be at Kambove in April or May. So we wanted that he should have a house in which to live as soon as possible. But in any case it would be a great help to a new man to have some one who understood the methods of building in Africa on the spot to look after the job. Accordingly an application was sent to Commandant Gosme asking for permission to settle and build at Mwata Yamvo's town, and the permission was granted.

On January 28, Kayeka Mutembo arrived from Angola with his party of fifteen, including the children. It was now two years since we had seen Kayeka at Kalulua as related in the opening chapter.

His party had had a rough time of it indeed. They found the Bachokwe country devastated by war and its ensuing famine. A slave could easily be bought in many of the villages for a dish of meal. This brave little party struggling through to their own country had to pay

as high as eight yards of calico for a plate of meal. This they made into thin gruel, and the whole family of six of them had to make that do for one day's rations. No wonder they got sick! The wonder is that they ever lived to wade through those flooded swamps and after months of fasting and fever to reach our station.

As children in the wayside villages were being sold for a mere handful of food, two of Kayeka's carriers, themselves ex-slaves returning to their native land in the Luba country, bought a small lad to help them carry their loads. His name was Ngamba, and when he arrived at Lukoshi he was a mere skeleton, and such had been his sufferings that for a year or two we feared that he had been embittered for life. As soon as I learned that he was a slave I told him that he was now free, and stood by him in the row that his owners made over his freedom. Ngamba has now been nearly three years in the Fox Bible Training School and is an earnest Christian. He is gradually outgrowing the effects of those months of untold suffering and gives much promise for the future.

All the way along the trail, Kayeka had held services and preached in nearly every village.

Rachel Sala
Nasala Moses Kayeka Esther

Fox Bible Training School, Luko-hi, 1913

His arrival at Lukoshi created quite a stir. The present Kazembe was an uncle or some such near relative. The native African does not reckon all his relationships as we do, and so it is often difficult for the occidental to comprehend them.

Kayeka found an own sister living ten miles away. To whomsoever he spoke and wherever he went, he bore a mighty testimony for Christ. He had to live in a simple, hastily constructed shack for those two months at Lukoshi, but what a contrast there was between his own sweet, happy family life and the lives of the heathen round about!

We missionaries had testified continually to the power of God in our own lives, testified by life as well as word, and so had the boys of our school. But we belonged to another race and the boys to other tribes. Here was a man of their own tribe, born in that very Lukoshi valley, who exemplified in a conspicuous manner in his own gracious personality and in his beautiful family life, the great blessings of the Gospel. Thus for the two months that we remained at Lukoshi he was constantly engaged in study, teaching, and evangelizing.

Soon after his arrival, Kayeka came to me with the same request that he had made at the

time of his first visit two years previously, namely, that his three girls should be enabled to get a good education. He was very keen to have them placed in a girls' boarding school where they would be under the constant care of some devoted Christian woman and be away from the contamination of the heathen village life.

He was so dead in earnest over the matter, which I knew was one of vital importance, that I had not the heart to tell him that I feared that it might be years before such a school would be a reality in the Lunda country. We realized so well that it was not Kayeka's girls alone who needed such a school, but all the other girls of these Christian parents, not to mention the hundreds of girls now in heathen towns. God grant that the day may not be far distant when there shall be such a refuge for the little Lunda girls.

As Kayeka had brought in some carriers who wanted work, we decided to use them. We packed one steamer trunk and sent it east to Chimbunji, and then began to make up and send loads to Kimpuki. From there we were certain that we could get other carriers. This section was the worst with which to deal.

We were still planning to leave in May, but

as the rains were so light and the river had hardly risen at all, we began to think we might leave in April. We were having considerable trouble with Kazembe over slaves. One of them named Chosa came to us and said that he wanted to remain. Kazembe vowed that his wife gave birth to the lad, and she swore to the same thing. At last they admitted that Chosa told a true story when he said that he had been paid to her for her son who had been killed in an expedition undertaken by Chosa's people in which the son had joined.

So we told Kazembe plainly that he could not longer hold the boy as a slave. Chosa had come to us and asked us to help him get his freedom, and the "Bula Matadi" had sent word to all the chiefs that slavery must be abolished. So he would have to let the lad go.

He was in a great rage at us. The fact is that most of the people in his village were slaves, and he was afraid that they would all leave him. Many of them came to us asking our help to free them. We were willing to take them to the Government, but they held back in fear. They knew the Government would proclaim them free, but who was to save them from the deadly bullet on their return? We had to guard Chosa until he was well

out of that section of country on his way to Mwata Yamvo's with Mr. Heinkel.

The girls suddenly ceased attending school, and we learned that Kazembe had given orders that no more girls were to attend school. Our boys said that the most of the girls were slaves, and it was feared that they, too, would want their freedom. When Kazembe had finished sitting on the case of Chiwahe's father, he had required one of the little girls in payment. She was about twelve years old, and in another two years would become a part of Kazembe's harem.

By the middle of March we had sent nearly fifty loads on to Kimpuki, for our plan was to send everything on to Mwata Yamvo's that was not strictly personal.

We had been trying in vain to get carriers from Kazembe and then sent to the Government, but they could not even get the carriers they needed for themselves. One day, about the middle of March, I sent James to a group of villages a few days' journey to the northwest. I had never visited them personally, but had sent the boys there on evangelistic tours. While these were in Kazembe's jurisdiction, they had little to do with him. I told James to tell the village chiefs that I wanted

thirty men in two weeks' time to go with us to Kambove.

He was to return by Monday noon without fail and report; but he did not appear. Day after day passed until Thursday, and no sight of Jim. Thursday noon as we sat down to lunch we heard a great shout from the boys, and looking out saw James swinging into the yard with satisfaction written all over him and expressed in every step, followed by twenty-nine carriers. He had started with thirty, but one had turned back that morning.

"You see," he explained in answer to my question as to why he brought the men now, "they were willing to come and so I bring them before they change their minds."

"Give them something to eat," I said, and then took a long breath. Mrs. Springer and I exchanged a long look and then she exclaimed, "This is nothing short of a miracle!" and I echoed, "It certainly is a miracle!" Had these men dropped from the sky itself it would not have seemed more of a miracle.

Then we started packing, working as in a dream, but working hard withal until late that night, and at ten o'clock the next morning crossed the east bridge of the Lukoshi for the last time. It was the 26th of March and just

a year previously the river was seven feet higher at that crossing than to-day. The river now was not much over its low water mark. If it had been our leaving now would have been impossible. We felt that this also was a part of the Divine plan.

A few days later Mr. Heinkel started the ex-slaves off with Kayeka at their head, and then he followed, overtaking them at Kafakumba, where they had to be registered and given passes by the Government.

He was greatly indebted to the Kassai Co. at Kimpuki for carriers, and he was enabled to take the short route via Katola, reaching Mwata Yamvo's the latter part of May. Here he found Monsieur Garnier, who gave him much valuable assistance. Unfortunately his last few days on the trail were marked by unseasonable and heavy rains whereby he was drenched and caught a severe cold, bringing on a relapse of a pulmonary affection which he had had in the United States. Fortunately a government physician, Dr. Trolley, passed through at that time and gave him medicine, which greatly relieved him.

CHAPTER XVII

KAMBOVE

Divine Providence does not altogether eliminate the operations of human weakness. These carriers of ours had never been over this route before, and it is doubtful if they had even been two hundred miles from home in any direction. Kambove, two hundred and fifty miles distant, seemed to them as far away as Africa does to the average American, namely, quite out of the world. So it was not surprising that they became alarmed when they saw that the villages along the path were all deserted. Where we had found flourishing gardens eighteen months before, there was now only the deepest jungle of grass and weeds, a jungle so dense that at times the carriers could keep from getting lost from one another only by constant coo-hooing back and forth.

Late in the afternoon of the third day nine of them decided that this journey was too much for them and, dropping their loads, they

bolted. James, whose duty it was to come up at the rear to see that all the carriers reached camp safely each night, happened to learn that they were bolting and were running around him through the forest. Without waiting to see me, he started in pursuit. He went back to their villages and secured other carriers to take their places. The morning after their desertion I was obliged to leave six loads by the path on hastily constructed racks, and he picked these up as he came back a week later with the men. The rain and white ants had not improved the contents of the boxes, but nothing of value was really destroyed.

Eighteen of these carriers went right through with us to Kambove, but to prevent their bolting also involved a constant watching of them night and day. We hired other carriers at different places along the way, but these deserted. So, what with heavy rains through which we sometimes had to walk all day, Mrs. Springer and myself, both drenched to the skin, with insufficient food, bad trails through the jungle, and the anxiety about our men, we were thankful enough to reach Kambove after twenty-one days on the trail.

It is gratifying to be able to add that these eighteen men, who had to be at times almost

forced to complete the journey, came and thanked me heartily for compelling them to fulfill their contract and thus have the opportunity of seeing all the wonders (to them) of Kambove, though the rails had not reached there as yet, although the formation was complete. I went to the trouble of taking the men to the rail head ten miles away and they saw the trucks on the rails and heard the engine as it puffed off just a few minutes before we arrived.

On the day of our arrival at Kambove, as we climbed the long steep hill to the mining camp (for there was no town at that time nor was the site for the new town yet chosen), the first house we came to was empty, so Mrs. Springer and the carriers sat down while I spent an hour hunting up the manager of the mine, M. Bertrand, who very kindly put this same house at our disposal for as long a time as we needed it.

At once I set out to discover a suitable location for the Mission. I consulted maps of the mining reserves, interviewed officials, and explored in many directions, but after three weeks we seemed as far away from a site as ever.

I had had in my mind's eye a mental pic-

ture of what the site was to be. One afternoon as I climbed one of the many hills about Kambove, I saw another hill some distance away and was instantly impressed that it was the hill for our Mission. Late that afternoon I took two boys and we reached it after much difficulty, owing to the steep ravines which we had to cross from the side from which we approached it. The next day I took Mrs. Springer there, approaching from another side, which again meant the crossing of two other very steep ravines. She, too, was satisfied that it was the spot for us. When departing after our inspection of the site we saw a faint path made by natives who had been there cutting trees, and following this path we found that it led us along a level ridge right to the railroad formation at the point later selected as the site for the depot, so that our Mission buildings are now slightly over a half mile from the railroad depot. From our buildings to the depot is an excellent bicycle path on our own grounds right to the railroad. The point I would emphasize is that we were led to choose this site before we knew of its future nearness and access to the railroad station, and before the town site was fixed upon. The town itself was later laid out beginning from

the station on the other side of the tracks from us and extending in the opposite direction to the northwest.

On May 16 I made my initial formal application for the concession of land we required —a tract of about two hundred acres. The Commissaire thought that it would probably be some months before we could get permission even to build, as the town site had not yet been fixed. He communicated with the head offices at Elisabethville, and receiving a prompt reply told me that we could enter upon the concession at once and put up inexpensive buildings pending further negotiations. So I began a simple pole structure thatched with grass at first, and also walled with grass. We moved over on May 21, before the roof was finished, and with our loads around us in the primitive forest began the building of Kambove Station, mostly from the materials at hand.

A few days later as I came out on the railroad formation at the foot of our path, I encountered a party of officials hastily making their way down to the rail head, and among them I recognized Vice-Governor General Wangermee. He remembered me from our visit to Elisabethville two years previously. I spoke of our desire to receive definite word in

reply to our application for this site as soon as possible, and he told me that he was quite sure that they would be able to grant the application, though it would have to go through the usual formalities. In commenting on other correspondence between us, he expressed great gratification on the part of the Government at the return of the ex-slaves from Angola, natives of the Belgian Congo, which was being effected by our presence in the Lunda country, and which, as a result of Kayeka's return to his own country, was being greatly encouraged and increased.

Kambove was now undergoing a rapid transformation. On our arrival the old mining camp consisted of a number of mud and pole houses, one general trading store, two Kaffir truck stores, one canteen—the "National Café"—a butcher shop, and a bicycle shop. These merchants had a very small stock of goods, as the cost of transportation from rail head was exorbitant, and it was now a matter of but a few weeks when the rails should reach Kambove. The prices fairly staggered us, the cost being about as high on provisions, etc., as they had been at Lukoshi, but new stores were opening up every day, mostly for trade with the natives. At a place called The Tri-

angle, the junction of the stub line with the main line, there were about a dozen canteens, or bars, carrying on their nefarious business among the two hundred white men who were employed in various ways along railroad construction.

In building the Mission Station, one of the greatest difficulties at first was in securing tools with which to work, the stores having practically none in stock. However, I obtained the few necessary tools from various sources. A few were given to me by Mr. Grey, who was head carpenter on the railroad construction, and gradually our equipment began to correspond with our needs.

The very first week of our stay in Kambove the news spread among the natives that a missionary had arrived, and a number of boys hailed me on the path and asked if I had any books for sale. One boy ordered a Sankey hymn book on the next day after our arrival. We had a few of our Natural English Primers, worked out at Kansanshi, Kalalua, and Lukoshi, and printed on our Methodist Mission Press at Old Umtali. These went like hot cakes. Orders were given me for books in several native languages as well as in English, and no small part of my correspondence for

months to come was concerning the native literature wanted from a half dozen sections of Africa where months were required to get an answer in return. Thus was inaugurated the Katanga Book Store—the Methodist Book Concern of Central Africa. Camps of contractors working on the mine and the railroad, in the town, and as forwarding agents to distant points, were to be found everywhere. Several thousand recruited natives from all parts of Central Africa were in the ever-shifting population. I began holding regular services in as many of the camps as I could reach, and before long there were a number of camps where we could hold afternoon schools as well. Generally, I had at least eleven services each Sunday, and many tribes were represented in our audiences. On one Sunday I listed thirty-five tribes as represented in the eleven services held that day. Fortunately I had boys from several tribes in the school, so could use them as interpreters and as teachers for the camp schools, and through them reach most of the four or five thousand natives gathered about Kambove at that time.

On June 6 the rails were laid into Kambove. Owing to the very hilly nature of the country for miles about Kambove, various engineers

On June 6, 1913, the Rails were Laid into Kambove. Kambove Station, Just After Departure of Train.

had declared that it would be impracticable to bring the main line of the railroad near to the mine. They proposed that the main line pass at a distance of about ten miles to the east, and that a branch be run to the mine as is done in Elisabethville in the case of the Star of the Congo Mine. But some higher powers insisted that the road actually come into or very near to Kambove and proceed from there north, and at last a way was found to do this. The stub from the main line is three miles long, the Kambove station being on the stub, one half mile from the junction. Memorable to us will ever be the first sound of the locomotive as it came puffing along at the rail head just a few miles distant over the ridge. It was sweetest music to us after three years in the wilderness, and up to the time of our departure it never ceased to be a great pleasure to us to go down to the station and see the trains come and go.

On one of my first trips to Kamatanda, ten miles from Kambove, I passed hundreds of empty iron cement casks. I began to consider how they might be used, and asked permission to gather them up. As they had been thrown away, there was no objection, and I set a gang of my boys to work flattening them out and

bringing them in. I secured enough, eventually, to roof three buildings, put ceilings in four buildings, and do several odd jobs with them besides. Lumber was very expensive, so I asked the boys about the trees on our place. They pointed out some hardwood, ant-proof trees of at least four varieties, and I had a saw-pit dug. I had never seen lumber sawed in a pit, and had only a general idea as to how it was done. The very day that we finished the saw-pit, a boy came asking for work. I said that I did not want any more boys (didn't feel that I could afford to hire more). He sat on the ground a while and then pulled out a paper and handed it to me. It was a recommendation of him as a saw-boy from a missionary about three hundred miles away. I employed him on the spot, and the next day he and another boy were at work on our first log.

In this way I obtained the very best and most durable timber for all our door and window frames, joists, etc., at a very small cost. Then I was able to secure twenty boys for about the cost of their food for ten days, and I put them to carrying water to make adobe bricks for our own house and one other. Here Saul, who also had been of Kayeka's

party, was invaluable to me, as he knew all about brick making.

I fully expected to do all the masonry and brick laying for our house personally. Just about this time, one afternoon the boys raised a shout of "Kaluwashi." As narrated in the opening chapter he came to Lukoshi with Kayeka. He told us the story of his visit to his home as we sat about the fire that evening. Kaluwashi had left us in February and it was now August. He said he wanted to remain with me for a couple of months and earn some money so as to take back some presents to his wife, who was a member of a local tribe in Angola. She had said that at his home in the interior there was nothing but the veldt and savages, and he wished to take something to her to prove the contrary. He had brought an own brother and two other lads with him to accompany him to Angola and to help him in bringing in his family. I was grateful for the services of the other three and Mbunda, but hardly knew what to give Kaluwashi to do, as I did not want to give him the same rough work as the others. He simply said that he was willing to do anything. I had just begun to lay a retaining wall for a veranda on the small residence we had built

for Mrs. Springer's mother, so I thought I would have Kaluwashi help me. I at once saw that he seemed to know just how to do the work, so I left him alone with the task. When I came back I saw that he was working all right and following the lines and on inquiry I learned that he was a mason by trade. What a godsend he was!

He told me he wanted to lay the walls of our main house, after which he would go to Bihe to bring his wife and family. I laid out the lines for the foundations of our main house and Mr. Peter Grey very kindly came to see if it had been done correctly. Much to my satisfaction, it had. These skilled mechanics working along the railroad construction and in the mine were most ready to give me any information that I needed or any help in their power to give. This was my first serious building operation, and that meant for me a few problems in masonry, carpentry, and tinning, and they helped me solve them. I particularly remember a demonstration which the tinsmith gave me in his camp on soldering the guttering for the house by showing me how he soldered three joints together and an elbow. I was then able successfully to put the guttering on the entire house.

I had all I could do and more to look after all the work. I had to keep on the go from one part of the station to the other. At times I would have as many as five different buildings under construction at different stages. First the boys would send me word that they had finished one log and would I come down and mark another. Then there would be need of a door or window frame before the bricklaying could proceed. Next I would need to make the principals and put the roof onto a house, then hasten off to see that the pickaninnies had brought in their stent of grass and the older boys of poles. Food had to be rationed out twice a day, and after quitting time at 5.30, there was the daily clinic when all the sore toes had to be tied up, wounds carefully washed and bound up to prevent big ulcers, medicine given for headache, stomach ache, backache and fever, and all the other ailments that beset a large crowd of natives.

Therefore, I had very little time left to do any office work on accounts or correspondence, and Mrs. Springer had to help me more than usual in such work.

I longed unutterably to be able to give all my time and that of my older boys to making the most of the evangelistic opportunities

among the blacks and whites while they were concentrated around Kambove, but that was impossible. No little attention was given to this work, but the building was the commanding consideration at this time. However, it was not an unimportant lesson to the natives that I was not afraid to work, and work hard, with my hands and to do all sorts and kinds of work. Among the natives a sort of caste exists and they resent being put to several kinds of work in one day. On several occasions, as these little objections arose, I pointed out to them that in a single day I was preacher, teacher, doctor, nurse, mason, carpenter, tinner, overseer, bookkeeper, judge, and peacemaker, and what not. Such objections soon ceased.

From the time the first letters began to arrive from Mr. Heinkel, after he reached Mwata Yamvo's, we were greatly concerned about his health. We were greatly disappointed in the delay of the missionaries for that station. When Mr. Heinkel had a residence, cook house, etc., built of adobe brick ready for the doctor to occupy, he wrote me that he should leave there in October and sent in his resignation from the Mission. So he left Kayeka in sole charge and arrived at

Kambove on November 11. He had been very ill on the way down, but was much better on his arrival. He remained and helped me with the building until February, when he left for the United States. He had been with us for three and a half years, and had been a great help to us during that pioneering stage. We regretted that his condition did not warrant his staying out his five years, but we realized the wisdom of his return at that time. The adverse pioneer conditions of his work had brought on a trouble that had affected him in America. His service through these years had contributed largely and essentially to the establishing of the Congo Mission.

By the end of that year, 1913, our buildings were well advanced and we had had a month of school.

On Christmas we had a great celebration, and nearly one hundred native young men, many of them former pupils of a dozen missions near and far, mostly in the territory to the east of us, sat down to the dinner served in the chapel and schoolroom. What joy and rejoicing there was among them, that at last along the railroad construction a Mission had been established to be a sort of home for them during their stay while working in this sec-

tion. Hymns in several languages as well as in English were heartily sung, and we rejoiced greatly at the privilege of making a Christian celebration of Christmas possible in contrast to the drunken orgies about the canteens and bars, and in many of the camps which had characterized the railroad and its construction in its twenty-five hundred miles from Cape Town.

CHAPTER XVIII

A NEW EPOCH

As in these months we undertook the work of building permanent stations, we grasped as never before the significance of Livingstone's words: "The end of the geographical feat is the beginning of the enterprise." The value to the Kingdom of Livingstone's heroic and persistent explorations lies in the fact that he broke the paths for, and inspired the establishing of six (if not more nearly a dozen) missions in various parts of Central Africa. These are not merely single stations, but enterprises each backed by large constituencies at home, and that in their occupation cover large areas, each with many separate stations.

Our exploration so far held in itself no ultimate significance; the real enterprise lay before us; our three years, together with the earlier trip through this section, had served to reveal to us the strategic centers for occupation in this field. In building at Mwata Yamvo's and at Kambove we were entering

upon the second and truly significant epoch—that of the great missionary enterprise itself, namely, the bringing in, the permanent establishing, and the loosening of those manifold agencies of the Gospel in evangelization, education, social ministry, and service, and such an inclusive provision for the total needs of this backward race as should lead the Church to the full accomplishment of her mission.

Fundamentally necessary in this program are the lives of capable, devoted men and women, and the "New Epoch" was notably marked in the early part of 1914 by the accession of such workers.

First to arrive was Mrs. J. E. Miller, Mrs. Springer's mother, who traveled out to Africa entirely at her own expense, and on March 7 reached Kambove to spend the year with us. She entered at once heartily into the work, teaching in night and forenoon schools, and occasionally having afternoon classes for girls and women. She attended practically all the meetings on the station, contributing no small part to their value and success, and was in many respects a volunteer missionary. We had arranged for her to come in the company of Dr. and Mrs. Piper, but after one week in England she decided she had had enough of

London rain and, with characteristic independence, had come on alone rather than wait another week. She had a delightful trip, and although the eight days' journey by rail from Cape Town was rather taxing, arrived in good health and in splendid spirits.

Just a week later came Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Piper, both of New York State, who were to be supported by the Detroit Epworth Leagues. The doctor had received his appointment early in the year preceding, and we had fully expected him in May, but he very wisely concluded that he would be much better off married than single, and, seeing a ray of hope, followed it up, and finally succeeded in bringing with him the woman of his choice, namely, Miss Maud Garrett, who for six years had been a deaconess in New York City, and, although the waiting had been trying, yet when we saw Mrs. Piper, we knew that it had been well worth while.

We had been very much concerned about having to leave the new station at Mwata Yamvo's so long without a white missionary, but faithful Kayeka had taken such good care of the work, carrying on both day schools and evangelistic services, that it had not suffered, but rather had gone ahead, so that the Pipers

had more than their hands full from the very day they reached their station. It was necessary for them to remain at Kambove seven weeks to receive and repack their goods, and, as Mrs. Springer was striving hard to complete the revision of the translation of Mark, Mrs. Piper took her school work off her hands. It was a great help to me also to be relieved of my daily clinic, which had been rather heavy. During the rainy season I had as many as fourteen boys at a time needing medical treatment of one kind or another.

To return to the translation of the Gospel of Mark, on leaving Lukoshi I had told Jacob (who had been helping me on the translation) that I wanted him to go to Mwata Yamvo's with Mr. Heinkel, and besides helping in the building, to spend a half of each day translating Mark into the Luunda. He did so and when he came to Kambove brought the first draft of the translation with him. The work was very crude, naturally, and when Mrs. Springer began to type it, she found it would have to be revised. Fortunately, one of the carriers who came down with Mr. Heinkel had been too ill to return with the others, so that after his recovery he was on hand for consultation regarding words and phrases. Also, we had

brought six Lunda boys with us from Lukoshi. Then there was Chosa, who came with Mr. Heinkel. All of these, as well as Bimbi, the sick carrier, wished to go with the Pipers back to the Lunda country, so it was necessary for Mrs. Springer to complete the work on the translation before all of the Alunda left. Jacob had already gone to his own country, near Bulawayo, to find a Christian wife. When Mrs. Springer had completed one revision, she felt that another was required in order to make this initial translation into the Luunda as perfect as possible.

On April 28 I started with the Pipers to take them to Railhead, and a little farther on their way to their far distant station—more than four hundred miles into the wilderness. The Construction Company was most obliging in giving us free transportation over their rails—as far as they were laid—so that night we all packed into one tiny compartment: Doctor, Mrs. Piper, myself, Melissa—James's wife—Lutenda, the pickaninny, and the dog, "Kambove," besides some twelve of the most important loads. Mrs. Piper wondered at the time, and the Doctor and I with her, what her many friends in comfortable, elegant New York would say to see her dumped in there in

that 6x6 compartment with two men, the native woman and lad, the dog and all; but she was game to the core. Not a suggestion of regret came to her mind I am sure. On the other hand, she seemed to enjoy it as our train rolled, creaked, bounced, and rolled along the unsettled roadbed. We sang the grand old hymns of faith, repeated Scripture verses and poetry, and talked until weariness quieted us down. The carriers and all the other loads were piled on top of the already heavily loaded trucks of rails, ties, and other construction material. There was no chance for sleep or for much rest for them, as they needed to be awake and alert to avoid falling off. There was not room for us in the guard's van to make up beds and lie down, so we stowed ourselves away among the loads and the dog as comfortably as we could and dozed fitfully until daybreak, when we got out and waded through the tall wet grass five miles to a caravansary, where we had breakfast. We then went on twelve miles further and I spent the night with them in order to show them how to organize a caravan, to pitch and break camp, and to get their loads into shape; and then the next morning, right after prayers, I turned back to Kambove, and they set their

Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Springer, Dr. and Mrs. Piper, Malise, James, and Lunda Boys

Mission House at Musumba or Mwata Yamvo's

Mwata Yamvo and a Few of His Favorite Wives

faces toward the great unknown, feeling—so they wrote us—like orphaned children.

They had to go by the longest route via Bukama, as the direct route was officially closed on account of sleeping sickness. They were delayed on one or two occasions for carriers and so did not reach Mwata Yamvo until June 22. Word of their approach had preceded them and Kayeka led out a reception committee of three hundred people from the capital to welcome them. One can imagine this crowd of people as they advanced singing over and over the few Christian hymns which they had learned, and lining the path on both sides so as to let Dr. and Mrs. Piper pass between them. Near the house had been raised a triumphal arch draped with white calico; here they halted and Kayeka made a prayer and an address of welcome. Then Mwata Yamvo came out in his mono-cycle and welcomed them formally to his capital. I have never heard of another instance where missionaries, coming for the first time to reside in a country, have had so unique and so royal a welcome.

At once the Doctor set the workmen to building a schoolhouse, and in the second month after their arrival Mrs. Piper began a

class for women and girls out under the trees. The evangelistic and school work was rapidly enlarged and these new missionaries had their hands full from the very start.

Mrs. Piper wrote in one of her letters: "Since our arrival here many kinds of labor have been hurried along, the Doctor superintending brick making and building, taking care of the sick, and last—but most important—trying to teach the blind eyes to see the King in his beauty. Thus far much of my time has been spent in the care and arrangement of my home. Five weeks ago I opened a school for women and girls. Some of these are elderly women and their eagerness to learn is really pathetic. Their poor hands are so stiffened with hard work that it seems almost impossible for them to hold a pencil and form letters." Six months after their arrival Dr. Piper wrote to Bishop Hartzell: "When we left Kambove Mr. Springer nearly emptied his Mission of boys to give us those who would help us on our own trip up here and in the work after our arrival. Some of these spoke English quite well and were of no small help to us. Later a number of people, ex-slaves, arrived from the neighborhood of the mission of the Plymouth Brethren at Kaleni Hill,

Rhodesia. Last of all, another group of forty or so arrived from the mission of the American Board in Angola. A large percentage of these read quite well, not only in their native tongue, but in English as well. Several have for years been teachers and evangelists. These immigrants are mostly ex-slaves like Kayeka, who are returning to their native land. They are a great help to me in evangelistic work. At present we hold several services on Sunday in different parts of Mwata Yamvo's town. We send several native preachers out to some of the many smaller villages round about that can be reached in a day. The school enrollment on the station is about seventy-five. The medical work is limited only by the restricted amount of time that I am able to give to it. We are gradually getting the building done.

"I feel that this work in Central Africa is deserving of rapid development, and I am very anxious that our present plans should not be detracted from. Already we are receiving requests from outlying villages that native teachers be stationed in them. There are several other men in our mission village besides those whom we are now employing, who could be used to good advantage as teachers and evangelistic workers, and every depart-

ment of the work is ready for rapid extension and development if only there were more missionaries here and more funds for the work; and yet, until more missionaries come, I do not feel that we will be able to properly supervise a larger work." We particularly commend to the reader his concluding sentence: "Won't you remember in prayer our vast opportunities, our pressing needs, and the unique position of this station? While we have been here but a few months, this field has all the characteristics of an old established work."

This report comes from the very town where, while Mr. Heinkel was building the house only a year previously, two little slave children were buried alive with the corpse of the mother of Mwata Yamvo in order that she might have slaves to wait on her in the next world. The purpose to do this was kept very quiet, but our boys learned of it, but not soon enough to prevent the horrible deed being done.

Before leaving the subject of the Pipers, we must add that their latest arrival is a baby girl—Ruth Piper, who arrived on May 4, 1915. She will be a blessing to the work at this station from her early days, as the natives are

very fond of children. Deputations are coming from far and near to see the wonderful white baby. This presents to the parents many a golden opportunity to give the gospel message to hundreds who would not otherwise be accessible to it for some time, or so open to receive it. When Miss Ruth was taken to see Mwata Yamvo, the king was very pleased and in honor of the first white baby to be born in his kingdom, he presented her with a bull calf. What a fine thing it would be if, in deciding on her life work, she should choose to be a missionary to the people among whom she was born.

The week after the Pipers' departure from Kambove, we opened the night school in the little Truex Chapel near the railroad, and until the outbreak of the war had a crowd in attendance. Urgent requests for such a school had been made for some time, but this was the earliest that we could possibly take on this additional work. Over two hundred enrolled within the first month, and the average attendance was over thirty. Mother Miller rarely missed a night, and taught with all the eagerness of sixteen instead of more than sixty. The fragrance and blessing of her influence will long abide in the memory of the pupils of

those days, and the story of how "Mamma Miller," whose head was crowned with silver, came so long a journey, and just for the love she had for the Master and for these needy ones, gave her best, and manifested a deep motherly interest in them, will be handed down from one generation of boys to another.

On June 22 we had another addition to our force in the persons of Rev. and Mrs. Roger S. Guptill, from the New Hampshire Conference. These energetic and well-trained young people were able to take the entire charge of the night school and of the Fox Bible Training School from the first, though the rest of us continued to teach a few classes. For myself I had months of back office work, besides the daily meed of duties, to fully engage most of my time. The work was going along so nicely and encouragingly, when—like a thunder clap from a clear sky—the war cloud burst upon us, as well as upon the rest of the world. Mrs. Springer and I had just returned from a three weeks' tour along the Railroad Construction to the North, and never had the work seemed more promising. We had sold no less than five hundred francs worth of books to the natives on that trip, besides holding services and talking with boys who were thinking of coming to

the school. The financial upheaval and chaos produced by the war meant that the Railroad Construction must be discontinued, and business throughout the whole country suffered greatly. Native troops were hurried through to Lake Tanganyika, and all unemployed natives about town were impressed into service as carriers and hundreds of others engaged for this service. Belgians, Britishers, and Russians who were residents of the country enlisted in local defense corps, and were drilling both at Kambove and at Elisabethville to be prepared for any emergencies, and contingents went forward to Lake Tanganyika, and scores went south, some to join other forces in South Africa, others to proceed to Europe to rejoin their regiments or to enlist in favorite corps.

And just here let me say that the news of the outbreak of the European war reached Kambove at about the same time that it did the United States. The news was received by wireless, there being a surveyor with a portable equipment near Kambove at the time, and from that day on all the notable news of the war was received daily by cable and by wireless, and the news typed and tacked up at the Railroad Station and elsewhere, so that in

spite of our long distance from the seat of war, and our residence in the heart of Africa, we were nevertheless promptly supplied with the news. At Elisabethville the two local papers published daily bulletins.

As for our Mission activities, the evangelistic work was restricted for a time on account of the departure of thousands of natives with the expeditions and others going to their homes, but the work of the Fox Bible Training School was benefited. Many of the boys who had been planning to enter the school came at this time. Some of them had money and some had not, but these were willing to work out the fee. When the war broke out a number of unscrupulous contractors sought to cheat hundreds of their natives out of several months' pay. They frightened the boys by intimating or telling them that the "Bula Matadi," the Belgians, would impress them for service as soldiers or carriers, whereupon the boys bolted for home at night, leaving their pay behind. The Construction Company at once began to take action against the contractors in behalf of the natives, but it was impossible to right many of the wrongs, and although native messengers were sent out in all directions to call back any boys who were

not paid, hundreds had gone beyond recall. As soon as the Company learned of the purpose of these contractors, they sent out instructions for all the natives yet unpaid to report at the headquarters near Kambove to receive their wages, thus insuring their being paid.

I have referred to the matter of fees. The very day that we reached Kambove we announced that any adult natives who wished to enter the school must pay the sum of one hundred francs, twenty dollars, as an entrance fee. They were getting good wages everywhere, and we considered that it was only right that they should contribute what they could for the support of the school. Moreover, we required this as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the prospective pupil, that he would observe the regulations of the school, and also that he would remain for the five years required. We have found at home, as well as abroad, that humanity is most interested in the thing that has cost the most, and we knew that the pupils would appreciate the school more, and be more diligent in their studies if they had to pay for entrance into the school. That which costs little or nothing is lightly esteemed. This is true even in regard

to the fellowship with God. A fellowship in service with the Divine that costs dearly in what by standards of earth we call comforts and luxuries, grows rich and sweet and precious. For those called abroad to serve the Kingdom there are rich compensations. The missionary usually gets the best out of the missionary enterprise. By having lopped off the incidental and extraneous accessories of life he comes to a realization of the true and eternal values. Not uniquely so, of course, because these lessons can be learned, and are learned by some in every land and in every walk of life, but the average missionary stands a better chance to learn them than the average man in any other walk or circumstances of life.

Mr. and Mrs. Guptill early proved that they were the right people for the right place. Mr. Guptill had had rather an amusing experience in choosing his life work. First of all, he wanted to be a carpenter like his father; then there came the conviction that this was not to be his life work, and he decided that he would be a teacher. Later on came the call to preach, and he reluctantly gave up his beloved idea of teaching. Then came the call to missionary work while he was enjoying a

successful pastorate, and was looking forward with keen interest to a life devoted to the country church problem, but he gave that up and turned to Africa, where, on arrival he found that he could and must be carpenter, teacher, preacher, missionary, and everything else that one could think of combined, including the running of a printing press.

I would emphasize the fact that the main task in the Fox Bible Training School, which now had found its permanent home in Kambove, is the training of native evangelists and teachers. Kambove has commended itself as an excellent home for the School, since it offers large opportunities for clinical practice for pupils in teaching, evangelizing, and personal work and service in connection with the thousands of recruited laborers employed annually on the mine near at hand, and to be employed on other mines within a radius of a few miles. Such clinics for our pupils we regard as being as essential and valuable as hospital clinics for medical students.

It is impossible to accomplish the Christian program by use of foreign missionaries alone. In the first place, they are too few and too costly, and in the second place they can never be perfectly adapted agencies for the ultimate

work involved. The brighter young men of the various mission fields can receive a training at the hands of the foreigner, but the result of that training never really is, and never should be, a Europeanized or Americanized Negro, Indian, or Chinaman. If such do result there is essential failure. What is desired is a renewed individual of the particular race, transformed in his life by the regenerating power of God, developing a healthy type according to the characteristics with which God, in his wisdom, has endowed that particular race, and then working and living true to that racial type. In other words, our work is not to make Americans of the Negroes of Africa, nor are Englishmen to make Britishers of the Chinese, but we are to take the seed of the Word and plant it in the soil of these various races, then tend, prune, and train according to the best wisdom that has been given us under the definite leadership of the Spirit of God, until our work is done and we shall be called from our task in some distant future, when, perchance, we shall discover that our own life as a race, or as a distinct branch of the inclusive human race, has been enriched and broadened in a large compensation. At the very least, the individual lives of all who

have labored at the task at home or abroad will be lifted up and crowned by entering into the true inwardness of sonship to God, Who created, Who loved, Who gave, and Who lives and works.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CONGO MISSION ORGANIZED

The latter half of 1914 sped by rapidly, crowded to the full with work for every one, and marked by many interesting events which must, of necessity, be passed over without mention. The opening of the work at Elisabethville, however, must not be omitted. Elisabethville is the capital of the Katanga Province, and is the largest town of Europeans in all of the Belgian Congo, having had as high as fifteen hundred such foreigners at one time. The number of recruited natives about this center has been as many as ten thousand. About half of the European population is Roman Catholic, and for them there had been built a church, in charge of the Benedictines, but no Protestant minister or missionary has so far resided there. Occasionally the Anglican Railroad missioner from Rhodesia has visited Elisabethville.

Just before the Pipers were to leave Kambove, I received a telegram asking me to come

to Elisabethville and christen the infant of a Belgian physician, a Protestant. This was my first visit to Elisabethville since 1911. I had been alone with the work, and with the pressure of building, I had not been able to go down there previously. On that Sabbath I was asked to baptize another baby also; the child of a Swiss Protestant mother.

I took Simon with me, well supplied with books from the Book Store, and left him to visit the various camps, which I did not have time to look up on this visit. A month later I sent him back again with another lot of books, among them some that had been definitely ordered on his previous visit. On his return this time he brought to me a petition signed by twenty-four Christian young men from Nyasaland, asking me to come to Elisabethville and organize them into a church, as they had no place in which to meet on the Sabbath and for prayer services, except out of doors in front of their small huts. This petition was headed by Moses and Joseph, who have been previously mentioned. There were about Elisabethville at this time more than one hundred such young men, many of whom had letters of church membership with them, and who had been disappointed that there was no

Protestant church with which they could affiliate. I was told that at one time, two or three years previously, there were as many as five hundred of these young men from Nyasaland, where there is but little industry and only low wages, and so they had swarmed over here for work and high pay. They were the overflow from a very successful work that had grown up in Nyasaland, where the school system and chapels extend to nearly every village. This is under the Scotch Presbyterians, notably the Free Church, whose great educational institution is at Livingstonia, under the leadership of that most eminent missionary of Central Africa, Dr. Robert Laws. These trained young men are taking a large share in the development of the Katanga as skilled workers, overseers, assistant masons, carpenters, and cabinet makers, clerks, interpreters, compositors, store assistants, managers of branch stores, cooks, personal servants, and as ordinary workmen. Owing to the lack of a church center for them, there has been a great wastage for the Kingdom. The example of the more evil element among the white men, and of some claiming a goodly degree of respectability, had led many of these native young men astray, as they had ob-

First Trucks of Ore from Star of the Congo Mine

Holding a Sunday Service in the Compound near Smelter

Jacob Interpreting at Service on Railway Construction

Mother Miller and Women Pupils from Railway Camps

served the examples of drinking, gambling, and immorality—the taking of native women along the Construction. The almost utter disregard of the Sabbath, and the consequent necessity for these young men to work on Sundays had also been no small factor in their undoing, but a certain number of them, like Joseph and Moses, had remained steadfast.

In November I hired a hall and announced services for nine o'clock on Sunday morning. I was eating my breakfast at the hotel when a young man rushed up to the back door and broke out with the exclamation: "Please come quick, Teacher, plenty much boys at the church now." It was very true. We had three large, overflowing services that day, and on the part of scores of boys who had not had the opportunities for education at their homes there was an earnest request for a school, and soon we had a flourishing night school, in charge of Moses, who showed himself a most capable and efficient teacher and manager. With Moses and Joseph as a nucleus, I sifted out the young men for church membership, receiving many by letter, and took on a large class of probationers, as well as a number of "hearers," and so in December, when I was accompanied by Mr. Guptill, at this capital

town we organized a Methodist Episcopal Church out of Presbyterians and a few Congregationalists. Dr. Laws, Rev. Donald Frazer, and other missionaries have been most pleased and relieved to learn of our work in the Katanga, where we can shepherd their boys. As they wrote me, their hearts had been wrung at the reports they had heard of some of their fine young men going utterly astray. Our relations with these other Societies will be reciprocal. We are reaching many young men who are not Christians on arrival at the mineral fields, and on their return to their homes they will be given letters to the churches there. The spirit of comity prevails, and the young converts, passing from one mission to another, feel perfectly at home.

Bishops Hartzell and Anderson were to have visited us early in September, but the outbreak of the war delayed them and so it was New Year's Day when Bishop Hartzell reached Elisabethville, but without Bishop Anderson, who had been prevented by war conditions from coming. I met Bishop Hartzell at Elisabethville. On the day previous I had arranged a special interview with the Vice-Governor General, who consented to introduce this item of business into the holiday. Upon coming

out from this interview, we were met by appointment by Mr. A. A. Thompson, Manager for Robert Williams & Co., who took us, in his American-built automobile, to see the smelters where the output for the month previous had been fifteen hundred tons of bar copper, which output has been continued through the months since. We were shown excavations for additional furnaces that would more than double this capacity. The construction of these furnaces was stopped for a time by the war, but has been renewed owing to the large demand for copper. Bishop Hartzell was greatly interested to see the number of American machines and appliances about the large plant, and to learn that Mr. Horner, the General Manager for the entire group of mines, as well as the Mining Engineer and his staff, and several other important employees of the mines, were Americans.

We reached Kambove at 10 that evening. At the railroad station that night all our mission forces had gathered to receive the Bishop. The nearly two score of boys and young men had lined themselves up in military fashion and gave him a salute as he passed them, then falling in line at the rear, sang hymns all the way to the Mission. This was

Bishop Hartzell's initial visit to this field, and he was surprised and delighted with the development of the work.

The next day, January 2, which was also our tenth wedding anniversary, Bishop Hartzell organized the Congo Mission, setting this field off from the West Central Africa Mission Conference, of which it had been a part; but in these five years we had not been able to attend a single session of the Conference which, in point of time and accessibility, was nearly as remote from us as America. With the completion of the Benguella Railway these conditions will be greatly improved. For our session we gathered around the table in the dining-room of our residence—"Fox Villa." The early forenoon sun still shone through the door and flooded the room with great radiance, like unto the joy that filled all our hearts. Looking out through the clear panes of glass in the door, the eye traveled over a vast expanse of wooded forest for more than eighty miles to the Congo-Zambezi Divide toward the southeast, the mass of dark foliage, lighted up here and there by brilliant scarlet as a few trees put forth their new belated leaves. The Bishop sat at the head of the table, and on one side of him were Mr. and

The Office Fox Villa Guest House Kambove
Mother's House

Mrs. Springer Coming down the Hill

Bishop Hartzell and Mission Group, January 2, 1915

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Mrs. Guptill, and on the other Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Springer, and myself at the foot of the table.

Luther's great hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is our God," gave expression to our hearts' deep emotions; then, as the Bishop followed with the exposition of the Forty-sixth Psalm, "Jehovah is our refuge and strength," etc., he summed up the experience of the years past and expressed what was our faith for the future. We felt the Divine presence to be very near and in the session of prayer following each poured out his heart in praise, in consecration, and in petition for the interests of the Kingdom in this land. As the work of the five years was reviewed and the present situation considered, it seemed marvelous to us that with so small a force and so limited resources, so much had been accomplished. We were anew overwhelmed with the sense of the personal presence of God, the Master Worker of it all, and ourselves as his little children whose sole business for the past five years had been to walk quietly along, obedient day by day, as His will, His purposes, and His plans were made known to us, and His workings unfolded before us. No tongue can tell what a blessed fellowship, what a blessed sense of companion-

ship, aye, of partnership there was during these years, and which grows stronger all the time.

Geographically, the Congo Mission covers a section about four hundred miles square, making an area of one hundred and sixty thousand square miles, a territory as large as Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana combined. This region is very near the exact center of Africa, and has often been designated as the "unreached Livingstone country." That great explorer walked along all sides of it, except the north, and he touched it on the southwest corner and on the east. For all of this large area, we were able to report only two main stations and the beginnings of the work at Elisabethville. Doctor and Mrs. Piper were at Mwata Yamvo's, the capital of the Lunda field, which is exactly the size of the State of Michigan. They were unable to be present at this interesting conference because of the great distance. In what might be regarded as the Illinois part of the field, there is the Kambove Station and the work at Elisabethville. To the north, in what would then be the Indiana area, there was no Christian work whatsoever, but in that area was the densest village population of all, and there to-day

Kaluwasi and four of his associates at least are ready to cooperate with the missionary on his arrival.

When we turned from what had been accomplished and looked at the needs of the field, the results achieved paled into insignificance in view of what was to be done. We had a keen sense of having just arrived and of looking out upon the vast opportunities before us; but we now had roofs over our heads; we had boys and young men in training, and a few earnest evangelistic teachers at work, these all constituting samples to circulate among the people, samples of what they were called to. We had in operation the Book Store for the dissemination of good literature of all kinds to the peoples of Central Africa, and connected with that a Mission Press; and also we had the beginnings of the Livingstone Memorial Library.

While the beginnings of the Book Store have been given, I have not yet stated that the original capital of two English pounds sterling (ten dollars) was given me in 1907 by a German Jew, a reservist in the German army, as we passed through Kansanshi. He came to Kambove with his three hundred native workmen soon after our arrival in 1913,

and it was from him that I secured the twenty boys to work on the adobe bricks. On the outbreak of the war he, with the other Germans, was summoned and sent down to Pretoria to be interned. A Russian Jew, with British citizenship, gave me two pounds additional for our work, and this sum I also added to the capital of the Book Store.

The initial unit of the outfit for the Congo Mission Press came from Detroit, Michigan, having been given by the Rev. Arthur Wesley, of the family of Methodism's founder. It was added to by my uncle, Rev. I. E. Springer, and his son, Durand, formerly a member of the Book Committee. My uncle is a superannuate of the Detroit Conference after fifty years of service. As he and the Rev. George Marsh, who had aided in perfecting and packing the outfit, drove the last screw into the packing cases, Uncle proposed that they consecrate the outfit by prayer, and there, amid the packing litter in that church basement, he poured out a fervent prayer for rich blessing upon this small outfit, and for the great publishing house that is certain to grow out of it, and for its great usefulness in the service of the Kingdom in Central Africa. This press was set to work a little later, in 1915, by Mr. Gup-

till, and the first impression from it was John 3. 16 in three languages. Mr. Guptill has since turned off considerable material for the class room, and has also produced the first hymn book in the Luunda language. Later two primers were undertaken for this same language. The Press, though separately named, is an integral part of the Book Store. What an opportunity it has before it with the larger part of Central Africa for a field!

Our plans include the employment of a number of young men, many of whom will be teachers and evangelists of the Mission, who, like Jacob, know more than one language. These will assist in the translation of books into the various vernaculars, and then selection will be made from among these young men to extend the translation to other dialects. Our first attention will be given to such books as Pilgrim's Progress; books of Bible stories, helpful expositions, devotional books, etc., and thus we will build up a literature for the peoples in their own tongues.

While there are many tongues and dialects in Central Africa, these fall into groups, and by cooperation between the various missionary agencies, union versions are being produced, thus reducing the linguistic difficulties

to a minimum. Scripture and Bible publication is almost wholly cared for by the British and Foreign, the Scottish and the American Bible Societies. These are essential adjuncts of all missionary societies and, deservedly, have the grateful appreciation of all missionaries, but, beyond what these do, there is great need for presses right on the field to produce supplementary literature for the enrichment of the mental life of these peoples.

Mention was made of the Livingstone Memorial Library. In 1913, as our humble share in the celebration of the Livingstone Centennial, we decided to establish this Library to his memory in connection with our work in the Katanga, and we felt that it was particularly appropriate that such a memorial library should be located in this area, as we were in the section of Central Africa last on his heart. When setting out on his last journey, he wrote to his daughter that he had three objects in view; he wished to visit the copper mines in the Katanga country, also some reported hot springs, and to look up certain cave dwellers of whom he had heard. These cave dwellers we have never been able to trace. The hot springs are about fifty miles east of Kambove. As for the copper mines, we were in the very

midst of them. Kambove Mine, the second largest deposit of copper in the world, is about the center of the rich mineral field, which extends for about two hundred miles in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction. Livingstone was the first European to make mention of these copper deposits. On his first trip from the Zambezi River above the Victoria Falls to the West Coast and return, and which trip was then extended to the East Coast, he heard from the natives of these copper deposits, and located them approximately on his map. In 1914, when again studying this map, published in connection with his first book, it was with peculiar interest that we noted the strange coincidence that the location of the two stations we had built in 1913 were the two notable geographical locations that he had put on his map in this region to the north, namely, "Musumba-Matiamvo" and "Reported Malachite Mines." Through the years following his initial trip he evidently never forgot the country of Chief Katanga, then the great native ruler of this section. And in 1872-1873 he was wearily plodding through the swamps, along the south end of Lake Benguelo, and then was turning northwesterly to visit this very region. This

evidently was ever with the hope that the industry that would be introduced in connection with the development of these mineral deposits would hasten the destruction of the accursed slave traffic, which he hated with all the intensity of his soul. And we can easily believe that the needs of the unreached interior were in his petitions as, alone in that humble hut two hundred and fifty miles southeast of Kambove, on his knees in that final prayer, he poured out his soul unto God and yielded up his brave spirit.

As I have elsewhere recorded, Robert Williams repeatedly avows his debt to Livingstone that he first heard of these copper deposits and was encouraged to send his prospectors a thousand miles ahead of the railway and to persist until they found these deposits. Livingstone particularly mentions two hills of copper, between which was a stream from the bed of which natives washed gold. From the west end of the house, in which as a group of Mission workers we were gathered, one sees, a mile and a half away, two hills of copper, immediately between which is the head of a gorge recently given the name of Livingstone Spruit (creek), where the early prospectors found nuggets of gold, and which by the natives was

The Victoria Falls Discovered by Livingstone in 1855. From a Painting

called "M'sidi's hole." Here at the Kambove Mission, in sight of this stream bearing Livingstone's name, is where the infant Library at present has its home.

Besides the main working reference Library, to be affiliated in the future with our highest educational institution, wherever it may be located, and which will probably bear the name of the Congo Institute, and which—in some not distant decade—will be doing work up to college grade, we want to have branches in various towns and a circulating department to help the reading public—European and native—to beguile and improve their leisure time.

The continued influence of David Livingstone is still felt throughout all of Central Africa, and no activity of Europeans in all this land, be it commercial, industrial, governmental, or religious, but owes a great debt of gratitude to that intrepid servant of God who opened up more than a million square miles of darkest Africa to a new day and development.

Conference Sunday was a notable day; the usual communion service brought together quite a number of the Christian Capitas, who make a point of being there on such occasions, while the announcement of the coming of the

Bishop brought quite a number additional. One candidate (not the first by several, however) was presented for baptism by the Bishop, namely, Mubita, a Murotsi. It was a group of his people that Livingstone led with their elephant tusks to the West Coast that they might find a market for their ivory, besides a slave-mart. This trip was the beginning of Livingstone's great explorations. Mubita had been ready for baptism for some time, and we had delayed the ceremony until the visit of the Bishop, but this had not delayed the use of Mubita as an evangelist. For some time he had been my principal interpreter, and he served in this capacity for Bishop Hartzell this day. About Kambove were several groups of his tribes, men working on railroad construction, to whom he alone of all our helpers could speak understandingly. After the baptism Brother Guptill and myself received eight boys on probation, and then followed the communion service. On Easter Sabbath I had taken in twenty-one probationers, and still other groups later. A few had already been received into full membership.

The task of appointing the few workers available presented no serious problems to the episcopal mind, but there was sorrow not to

be able to send men out to the several needy points. Dr. and Mrs. Piper were already overtaxed, and the work at their station called aloud for immediate reenforcements of at least one additional couple. Kambove likewise demands two couples to care for the large work and to extend it to the villages, which latter line of work we simply had not been able, up to that time, to give any time or attention to. Elisabethville but waited for the missionary, to blossom out into a great and extensive work. Chilongo, sixty miles to the northwest of Kambove, which is to be the junction point of the Cape-to-Cairo and the Benguella Railways, and the point where the five-year Construction Depot has been located, cries out in its needs for missionaries. Then, further to the north, Bukama, Kongola, Kinda, and Kaluwasi's country, all these with no one to go to them. No wonder we fell on our knees and cried that laborers be thrust out into the harvest, and that prayer surely will be answered.

The financial review, a summary of which is given as an appendix, gave us great encouragement with a total income in five years of $23,030.65. Seven missionaries had been brought to the field, and these had given sixteen years

of missionary service, and their expenses in itinerating had been met. Buildings and permanent equipment to the value of more than $6,000 were on hand. As we contemplated what had been accomplished, we wondered what relation our treasury sustained to the widow's cruse.

On Monday the Bishop went with us to visit the mine and to consult with the manager, Mr. R. M. Johnson, a fellow American, about future work among the native employees of the mine. The Bishop was greatly pleased with his visit and with the prospects for the future. We also called on M. Ladame, Belgian Administrator Territorial.

Tuesday morning I accompanied Bishop Hartzell back to Elisabethville, where there was a wait of two hours before his train left for the south. Mr. Horner, the General Manager of the Union Miniere, came up to the station in his automobile to meet the Bishop and they had a pleasant interview. Then the train bore the Bishop away to the south to his other Conferences, well pleased with the infant Congo Mission which he left behind and which, as he wrote from the border, was a lively youngster.

CHAPTER XX

A BUNCH OF OUR BOYS

Malaya has the distinction of being the first pupil to pay the fee of one hundred francs (twenty dollars) to enter the Fox Bible Training School. He came to me at the Mission at Kambove one day and announced his intention of coming into the school. We talked over the conditions, which were that the boys must accept our rules and keep them, agree to stay five years in the school, and make payment of this fee—all of which he said was perfectly agreeable to him, and he would go at once and get his box of things and enter the school.

I saw nothing of him for a few weeks and had begun to fear that he had changed his mind when he marched on to the grounds one day carrying his box. He came to the office, pulled out an old rag, and took from it one hundred separate francs and laid them down one by one upon the table. That pile of francs looked good to me. On coming to Kambove, where there was plenty of work and where young men could get employment and in a few

months save up this amount, we had decided that we would start out with the requirement of this entrance fee. We recognized that it might be a year or two before any boys would want schooling so keenly that they would pay the fee, but here was Malaya coming with his payment within six months of our arrival. After he left the office I called Mrs. Springer down to look at that pile of francs on my table, and we rejoiced together over the realization of our faith that the entrance fee would not constitute an insurmountable barrier to any one wishing to enter the school.

Malaya took up his studies with great earnestness and made good progress for his age, which might have been anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five. He had never been to school before and had to begin with the a b c's. He had not been at the Mission long when he had dreams that greatly impressed him. As he lay in his little hut in the compound one night, he seemed to be visited by One like unto the Son of God, who was traveling from the West to the East. He spoke to him by name and said, "Malaya, it is very good that you have come here to study, but you must not only learn to read; you must give particular heed to the Great Book which the

missionary has brought. I will return later and see if you have done this." A few nights later the same visitor came to him again and said, "Malaya, it is a very good thing that you have come into the school, but it is not enough for you to learn to read the Great Book; you must also give your heart to God. I shall be coming back this way again later on, and I want to see that you have truly done this and come into fellowship with your Heavenly Father."

It was shortly after this that we had one of our series of special meetings, and the first night Malaya arose and gave his testimony and said that he had decided to follow the injunction given him and give his heart to God. From this time on he manifested a new spirit. His conversion, like the conversion of all of our boys, was quiet but very real.

He had left his wife at his home up near Lake Tanganyika, several hundred miles northeast. He soon asked permission to be absent from the school long enough to go home and get her that she also might come to the school to be taught. When we left Africa he was still absent on this journey, and we are greatly interested to know whether he found his wife still faithful to him or not.

Chiyoka is an Umbundu from Angola. He came to the interior with Kayeka, acting as one of his carriers. Here was a case where a boy, having exhausted all the courses offered at the vernacular school, was hungry for further education. Being a bright youth and competent as a teacher he had been employed in the mission school. This Mission had plans for a higher institution to be established as soon as possible. The years were going by and it had not been established. Chiyoka's hunger only increased with the years, and he was now in the early twenties. Learning of Kayeka's plan to come to the interior, and also learning from Kayeka of the school that we had in which we were teaching English, he asked to be released to come to us. For some reason his release was not granted at that time, and so he quietly slipped away and joined Kayeka some distance down the road. We make it a rule when a boy comes from another mission that he bring a letter of discharge from that mission, as we wish to discourage the development of "mission rounders," a class of youths that do no good to themselves nor to the missions they favor by their presence. When Chiyoka was unable to give us such a recommendation and we learned that he had left

without the consent of the Mission, we insisted that he must return, and if he could later bring us a letter of dismissal we would receive him. He went back the eight hundred miles to Angola and matters had so changed that at that time he was free to come to us if he so desired. He set his face eastward again and came a thousand miles to Kambove, making nearly three thousand miles in all that he had traveled.

He was able to pay only a few francs on his entrance fee, but was willing to work out the rest, and so for five months he assisted me in the building operations, doing a skilled class of work in laying up walls, plastering, etc. He had just completed the payment of his fee and had been in school a month when I dismissed a workman who had been helping me in the building. Chiyoka had become fascinated with this young man and was induced to leave with him. I had a talk with him the morning that he left, but he seemed utterly deaf to reason, and would think of nothing but going away with his friend. But the experiences of the few months following brought him to his senses and later he returned again to the Mission a sadder and wiser youth. He settled down to the routine of the school with

a rare and beautiful spirit, which is his chief characteristic. We have been able to use him as a teacher in the afternoons and in the night schools and, readily learning the dialects current about the Kambove camps, he was useful as an interpreter at a very early date.

Simon's home was about six hundred miles southeast of Kambove. He came to the Katanga, as have thousands of young men from that same region, as to some Eldorado where great wealth was to be realized. He is of the Ngoni tribe, an offshoot of the Zulu. He had completed the courses in the vernacular school near his home, and had also learned some English and had been used as a subteacher. He had been variously employed along the railroad construction, and then one day came to me asking for employment for a year or so. He much preferred to be working in a mission where he could learn a little more English. I found him a very useful worker, taking some of the classes in the vernacular both at the Mission and in the camp compounds near us. He was particularly useful as a colporteur and evangelist, and I was able to send him out on trips of more than one hundred miles, selling primers, hymn books,

Scriptures, etc., in the vernaculars and in English. He was my chief interpreter for some time. The question is often raised whether the Holy Spirit can work through an interpreter. That question was finally answered to my entire satisfaction in the use of Simon, particularly in some of the evangelistic meetings where we had the pleasure of seeing many decisions made for Christ. After completing his year's work with us he went home, and expects to return later, bringing his wife with him, and become a permanent resident in the Katanga, probably to be associated with our Mission as an evangelist and teacher.

There are in the aggregate scores of young men, even better trained and more experienced than Simon, whom we can employ at once as teachers and evangelists in our work along railroads and about the mines as soon as we have missionaries on the ground to direct them.

Kauseni was one of the twenty boys whom I secured from a contractor for carrying water to make the adobe bricks for our house. During those ten days that he was in the Mission, though the school was not in progress at that time, he became greatly interested and evi-

dently determined that later he would come and enter the school. When his master left Kambove, he asked to be released and came at once to us. To his eyes the school was the best thing in sight, and he confessed later to a heart hungering that had troubled him. His decision to enter the school, as in so many other cases, practically involved the decision to turn to Christ, which he did soon after definitely joining us. He had no money with which to pay his fee and so had to work it out. He was so promising a youth that soon I took him from the work of building and put him into the house as bedroom boy. He soon advanced to the responsibilities of cook. While he was working out his fee we had a visit from Mr. Campbell, of the Plymouth Brethren Mission, whose station was on Lake Benguelo among Kauseni's people. When Mr. Campbell left us for his home, Kauseni was seized with homesickness and a great desire to join him and return to his people, but Mr. Campbell would not hear to it. He was not going to take boys away from our school nor to allow this boy to change his purpose simply because of his visit. One object which we hope to accomplish through the requirement of the entrance fee is the development of a

persistence of purpose in the boys. Kauseni listened to the admonitions of Mr. Campbell as well as of ourselves, and soon settled contentedly to his work and is developing splendidly in the school.

Weka is also of the Ngoni tribe, and has a very forceful personality. He had worked for four years along the railroad construction and in the mines, and for the larger part of that time had been a capita, that is, a trusty workman and overseer. He had had no schooling and realized his handicap in competition with many mission young men who had been associated with him in those years. There had also arisen in him a great hungering for something which was not satisfied in his present life. One day a friend of his by the name of Jim went down to Elisabethville and told him that Bwana (Master) Springer had opened a school at Kambove, and asked him why he did not go. Weka thought a moment or two and said, "I will go. I have a box full of good clothes and I have money, but my heart is not satisfied."

Not long after I saw him come onto the grounds early one morning with his tin box on his shoulder and, setting it down, he came

to me. In reply to my question as to what he wanted, he said he wished to enter the school. I told him to come and see me later at the office. When I explained to him the conditions under which he must enter the school, he said that he understood them all, and at once took out four English sovereigns to pay his entrance fee. He then gave me five pounds (twenty-five dollars) to send to the government official near his home to place in the hands of his wife and a young brother that they might come and join him at the Mission. He wished both to enter the school.

Weka's decision to come to school had evidently also been associated with a determination to heed all the teachings of the missionary, for not long after his arrival he announced that he was going to walk in the way of Jesus. In giving his testimony and in praying, as well as in all his life, Weka manifests the utmost seriousness and earnestness, at the same time that he is of a jovial, fun-loving disposition.

In due time we heard from the government official to the effect that Weka's wife had not been faithful to him, but had become the wife of another man. I called Weka one afternoon and told him the word I had received. Mother

MUBITA KAUSENI
NELSON MATENTEKO WEKA SIMON CHIYOKA MALAYA
NGAMBA JOAB
MRS. GUPTILL, R. S. GUPTILL, MRS. MILLER, J. M. SPRINGER, MRS. SPRINGER
"SPOT" "BILLY"
KANSAMBA MUGALA

A Bunch of Our Boys

Miller, who was sitting near, thought, of course, that Weka would be terribly upset over the news. What was her surprise when he turned and said, "Longili" (all right), and went down the hill whistling. When asked later what he would do, he said, "I will go home and make that other man pay me back my four cattle that I gave for her, so that I can have them in securing another wife." Weka wanted to have the two children by this wife come to him, but learned later that they had died during an epidemic of smallpox.

Weka, who was about thirty-five years of age, was one of the older of the native workmen along the railroad construction, most of them being young unmarried fellows. In the majority of cases they had come out from their homes to earn enough money to buy wives. When a married man leaves his home for a year or more, it is very common on returning to find that, as happened in Weka's case, his wife has been married to another man. This constitutes one of the great problems that must be faced in Central Africa, and will require the cooperation of the three great agencies in Africa—the Church, the Government, and the industrial agencies that recruit and employ these men.

Although Weka had been an overseer for years, on coming to the Mission he took his place among the other boys, doing the humblest work of the compound and of the Mission, but we have found him very useful in supervising some of the younger boys. He feels a great responsibility in helping to keep order in the compound, and does not hesitate to administer chastisement to some of the young upstarts who forget their places.

Matenteko was our cross. He had had no schooling, but was blest with plenty of egoism. His employers had mostly been Belgians, and he evidently had been allowed to argue the point with them and to tell them how to run the house, to do the work, etc. When he came to the school he wanted to do the same with me. I have had a number of pupils who wished to tell me how to run the school, but never in such a marked degree as Matenteko. When he wanted to argue a case, and I would quietly tell him that the point was not debatable, he would go away and talk it over at great length to himself and to any one who would listen to him. As we had taken him into the house for work, he became a great trial to Mrs. Springer.

Matenteko had great ambitions. Long before coming to us he had been investing his money in things more or less needless to him, evidently with the idea that these accessories would bring him on the same level with the white man. He purchased a folding cot, a table, and a chair, and to crown all, he had purchased from one of his masters a large frock coat, in which his small figure was entirely enveloped. These things he brought with him. Oftentimes missions are criticized by the man on the street, saying that we encourage our boys to dress up in European clothes, and that this results in their having an exaggerated idea of their importance, and that we encourage them in this idea. But Matenteko is a shining example of the fact that these boys get these clothes and these ideas entirely apart from any contact with the Mission. It was our painful duty to take Matenteko in hand, and to seek to rid him of these absurd ideas. He will be much easier to deal with when many of his ideas gained from the years of contact with the Europeans before he came to the Mission are changed. He was the one boy in our group that we often felt we could dispense with without sorrow, but at the same time we felt that he was a part

of our work and that we could not dispose of him.

Mubita was one of the two young men that came from near Victoria Falls, eight hundred miles southwest, and joined our school out in the woods at Lukoshi, and the one baptized by Bishop Hartzell. He was an earnest, hard-working pupil, but not brilliant as a student. When I excused Jacob and Peter and James for months, in order that they might hunt up some wives, my main helper was Mubita. He had left a wife at home and expects some time to go back to see if she is still faithful to him. If so, he will probably bring her to the Katanga. At his home he has a number of head of cattle, so that from a native point of view he is quite well off. Even though still in the middle of his course, he is very useful in teaching and evangelizing, also as a colporteur for the Book Store.

Nelson was a bright young lad from the Congregational Mission (English) a few hundred miles to the east of Kambove. He came out to the mining district to earn money and at first had a good deal of sickness. He had found no place that looked like home to him

until he reached our Mission. We soon employed him as a house boy, and on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Guptill he was employed in their kitchen. He also became their teacher in the Chiwemba, and acted as general interpreter as well. He was a bright young fellow, but inclined to be heady. However, he soon settled down. Lately he has been wanting to qualify as a teacher and evangelist in connection with our Mission. He is one of four boys in this group that have been connected with four different mission societies before they came to the Katanga to find work. There are many partly trained boys whose lives are going to waste along railroad construction and whom we are hoping to reach, and are reaching, and whom we will utilize in the work of the Kingdom.

Kansamba was distinctly one of the lesser lights of the Mission. He was brought to us by his parents at Lukoshi. He was defective in his hearing, and this had affected his development so much that in the village he was fast drifting toward idiocy. He was really very bright and needed only the care and attention of kind hearts to develop into a normal boy. He had special gifts in writing,

drawing, etc. Thousands of boys like him are lost in the villages of Central Africa because no one understands them and no one knows how to remedy their defects.

Mugala was really not of our school. He came to us through the night school, saying that he wanted to remain with us for a few years, but the fascination of the old life in town was too much for him. He evidently had no deep-seated desire to change his life. We discovered that he was unreliable and inclined to be a thief. When spoken to about these matters he declared that he did not care to enter school, and so he went away from the Mission, despite our efforts to influence and to keep him.

Ngamba is the slave boy mentioned as being bought for a plate of meal by one of Kayeka's carriers as they were coming through the famine country. On their arrival at Lukoshi I noticed that he watched me intently at anything that I was doing. He was very keen to learn and showed great aptitude for machinery and for all kinds of industrial work. Among the people of Central Africa are to be found the rudiments of all the arts and industries,

They are more or less adepts in the working of iron, in wood-carving, decorating, etc., to say nothing of the great industry of agriculture.

Ngamba was the most willing person when working along the lines of his interest and desire. When traveling on the path I found him the best runner to keep along with the bicycle, and to be on hand for any errands I wanted done. But at times he was as stubborn as a donkey. We soon took him into the house as a servant. One great difficulty with him was that he loved to wear his old, dirty clothes, though he had plenty of good clean ones. Admonition was not sufficient in his case. At times I had to take him to his hut and fairly take his old clothes off and have them destroyed. He was very bright in his school work and in general he has been very reliable and gives promise of great usefulness in the future.

Mulaya, otherwise Joab, as we dubbed him to distinguish him from Malaya, would certainly take the prize as the ugliest boy in school, but he would also take the prize for being the most willing of spirit. He came first to the night school near the railroad station,

and declared his intention of entering the boarding school. There was some money owing him along railroad construction and he went up to collect it. His creditor disclaimed the debt and threw him into a fire, burning his knees and elbows. Missing him for several evenings at the night school, I asked a friend about him, and was told that he was lying with his wounds in a hut not far away. I found him with several large sores from the burns, and had him brought into the Mission at once and attended to him. Soon he was on the way to recovery.

He had no money with which to pay the fee, but cheerfully went to work for five months to pay it off. He continued his studies at the night school during this period, and was ever ready to assume large responsibilities in seeing that everything went on well.

The boys took much pleasure in escorting Mother Miller to her house, and Joab was always on hand to take over her books, carry the lantern, and see her safely home, even though he might be assisted by several others. He was some distance from his home, which was near Broken Hill, belonging to the same tribe as James, and was, as far as we know, the third boy of that tribe to go to school. To us

he was always most obedient, but among his peers in the compound he always stood up for his full rights, and would allow no imposition upon them without protest. Another young lad there about the same age was very heady and cheeky, and was constantly trying to lord it over Joab. There was almost a daily necessity of separating these two, as they were attempting to settle their disputes. He has the stuff of which efficient, reliable workers are made.

It is often a puzzle to some people as to why missionaries are so keen to get back to their respective fields. I wonder if in the recital of these cases there is not an answer to that question. The Mission constitutes the only chance and hope for better things for these boys. Had it not been for our coming to Kambove at this time, there would have been no schooling for any of them. As we see their hearts and lives respond and see them transformed from wild, willful, selfish individuals into efficient workers for the Kingdom, is it any wonder that we are keen to remain at our task and to serve those in whom we find such large returns for our investment of life and endeavor?

CHAPTER XXI

AS TO THE FUTURE

THAT a great future industrially lies immediately before Africa, no informed person can doubt. To-day African exports of gold, of diamonds, and of copper figure largely in the world's totals. Fruit, corn, hides, rubber, ostrich feathers, hardwoods, copal, from all parts of this vast continent, find their way in large quantities to nearly all markets, and this is but the beginning. Men who know the various sections well are continually remarking that the resources of the continent have been merely scratched.

So inaccessible by water is the interior that this vast continent has had to await the railroad age for its development and for the outpouring of its fabulous wealth. Up to the present, the steel rails have crept inland from a few ports and the beginning of linking them into one vast system in the interior has been made.

Sir Harry H. Johnston, experienced adminis-

trator of various colonies, and the well-known author of several informing volumes on Africa, in speaking before the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain in June, 1915, spoke of "The Coming Discovery of Africa," in these words:

"When the trouble of the war is over the real discovery of Africa will begin. We have only so far set out Africa with tolerable correctness on the map and glanced with an inquiring and scientific eye on its surface in some small portions. These investigations from 1884 onwards revealed or suggested such astonishing sources of wealth to humanity that they have stimulated that colonial movement in regard to Africa which lies at the base of the present war. What has been revealed, however, is probably trifling compared to what remains to be discovered. I venture to predict that a good deal of the area of the Sahara Desert will be found to be rich in oil-bearing strata, and some of its mountains and plateaux on the verge of the Sudan wealthy in copper and perhaps in tin; that the mineral wealth of Somaliland, of Abyssinia, of the Nile-Congo water-parting, of Darfur, *of Katanga above all,* of Eastern Angola, of Liberia, of Rhodesia, Portuguese East Africa, Nyasa-

land and the northern and central Cameroons will eventually justify the vague surmises or the actual predictions of prospectors. In regard to this branch of research I should like to call attention to the really valuable reports issued from time to time by the Imperial Institute, because they have justified my predictions in the past. Then there are the sources of vegetable wealth in the wild produce of the forest, or in the climate and soil needed for plantations. There is the oil-palm, the produce of which can now be utilized to any extent without much fear of its depreciation in value through over-production. Rubber, coffee, cocoa, sugar, pineapples, bananas, oranges, even apples, peaches, plums, and grapes are becoming items of importance already in African exports. As regards animal products, something really intelligent in the way of elephant conservation may keep the world sufficiently supplied with ivory. Vast tracts of Africa are already being opened up for cattle-breeding and horse-breeding. Once the French get to work with their trans-Saharan railway or railways, and once there is assured peace in trans-Zambezian Africa, an enormous increase will take place in African exports of mineral, vegetable, and animal produce.

"I have only attempted to give a general impression of the known wealth of Africa and its location. But I should like to point out that the most recent results of exploring Africa have led to *some of its deserts proving more valuable than regions obviously fertile and attractive to the eye.* The high veldt and the northern Karoo in South Africa, Namaqualand and many parts of the northern Sahara were regarded as hopeless, eternally desolate, and worthless tracts of country a few years ago, which would never pay for opening up. Now they turn out annually millions of pounds' worth of diamonds or copper, of phosphates and other mineral manures, or yield obvious indications of oil-bearing strata below the surface. The desolate thorny Haud of Somaliland, dreary, treeless, waterless tracts in East Africa, are either oil-bearing or have valuable deposits of soda or phosphates. Much of the Sahara Desert will prove worth railway construction on account of its phosphates, its salt, and its petroleum. My map of great railways of the future represents with scarcely an addition or exaggeration the existing railways and the published railway projects of Africa in, let us say, July, 1914. Unless Western and Eastern Europe emerge utterly bank-

rupt from this devastating war, *we may permissibly imagine that they will next put their capital, not into the making of further armaments to destroy one another, but into the warfare against hostile and grudging Nature.* And in this struggle our most potent arm is the railway. Also there is no agent so pacifying as the railway. If some advisers had been listened to in 1901-3 we should not have wasted about four million sterling in warring against the Mad Mullah in the deserts of British Somaliland, but we should have built a railway through some part of that country. Such an enterprise at once captures the imagination of the savage, or the semi-savage, and at the same time provides wages for restless avaricious warriors. It will be noticed on my map that there may be two alternative routes from the Cape to Cairo: one through Katanga (nearly complete now as far north as Stanley Falls), the Bahr-el-ghazal and el-Obeid; and the other through Nyasaland, past the Victoria Nyanza to the lower Sobat and Khartoum. But people in South Africa who want not only variety of route and perhaps an even quicker way of reaching Britain (or, vice versa, those among our grand-children who wish to proceed to Cape Town by rail in preference to the

riskier airship) are recommended to try the Tangier-Fez-Agades-Kano-Léopoldville line. This will consist of the French Trans-Saharan railway (already completed nearly as far as Igli), and will link up with a great number of coast railways already constructed in West, West-Central, and South-West Africa. 'Tangier to Cape Town without changing!' What a splendid achievement that will be! Very likely by then we shall have got the Channel railway tunnel in working order, and a steam-ferry will take the London train from Algeciras to Tangier; so that conceivably forty or fifty years from now we may be able to get into our 'sleeper' at Victoria (London) and emerge from a delightful unbroken train journey in a glorified Cape Town—a city which Nature has destined to be one of the most beautiful in the world; a city which is the only appropriate capital for United South Africa."

Our Congo Mission area includes nearly all of the mineral region referred to above as "Katanga above all," with its deposits of copper, iron, lime, tin, gold, and its vast water-power possibilities. The Cape-to-Cairo Railroad, connecting with six South and East African ports, traverses our eastern border for five hundred miles, and soon will have connections

with at least five other ports on the east, the west, and the north coasts. What Chicago, "the city that cannot be avoided," is to America, that the Katanga—our Congo Mission area—will be to Africa, the junction point of the great Continental Railways. And happy is the fact that this section is blessed with a salubrious climate, possessing an elevation from three thousand to five thousand feet above sea level, and a mean annual temperature of about eighty degrees.

A stable European government exists and is assured for the future. The industrial-commercial development is proceeding and is certain to increase rapidly. What about the educational, moral, social, and religious needs of the millions of untutored, backward, imitative natives whose cooperation in all the development of Africa is absolutely essential and really for their good—if under favorable conditions?

The dangers that lie ahead can be seen from the experience of Johannesburg and vicinity, where on mines and in towns four hundred thousand native workmen are continually centralized. These come from every part of the sub-continent, and even from Central Africa. The majority engage for labor during limited

periods of six months to a year, and then return to their homes; others in large numbers are settling permanently in the towns, either bringing their wives from their former homes, or else picking up girls and women in town, but in many cases forming no permanent domestic relations. These natives are wage earners almost without exception and are advancing rapidly in industrial ability and in earning power. They have a limited number of needs, and so have considerable money to spend. Vicious white men prey upon them, pandering to their weaknesses, to their lusts, and to their vanity. The sale of European liquors to natives is prohibited by law, but on the Rand illicit liquor selling is an extensive and thriving business. Recently there were at one time six hundred European prisoners in jail in Johannesburg on charges of this illicit liquor selling to natives—to say nothing of those still at large. There is a commingling of members of the black and white races in vice, involving both sexes of both races in and about Johannesburg, that is absolutely revolting to learn about, to say nothing of having to face in actuality.

Johannesburg is rightly considered the greatest and most important, as well as the

strategic mission center in South Africa. Similarly, and for the same reasons, the mineral district within the Congo Mission area is and will be increasingly the strategic mission field of Central Africa.

Johannesburg is the greatest industrial and manual training center in the subcontinent, and the native workmen are continually being raised to greater degrees of efficiency in the efforts of the mines to reduce the working costs. As a result the native employees are advancing to more and more responsible positions and better paid jobs. A similar process is already at work on these mines in the Katanga.

Johannesburg has also been justly termed a "University of Crime," despite the presence of many good citizens and not a few mission workers in the vicinity. Likewise this Katanga mineral field is a school of crime, of lewdness, and of many forms of evil, and will be so increasingly unless the forces of righteousness become active and make impossible the development of conditions similar to those which obtain in the older mining center.

This is a new mining area. These forces of evil are as yet individual and occasional. In the Katanga we have the opportunity of

almost an even start. It remains to be seen whether the forces of evil will be allowed an unhindered, uncontested opportunity of becoming firmly established and organized as they are in that older mining center of South Africa, or whether there will be leaders for righteousness on the ground to watch, to warn, and to oppose, aided as such leaders can and would be, by the governmental and industrial forces of the country. Just as in America and in Europe, the Church must furnish the rallying point and the aggressive campaigner in the fight against vice. Will we meet the challenge of the opportunity and have our men at every important point from this time on, that is, at Elisabethville, Kambove, Chilongo, Bukama, Ruwi, Dilolo, Kalonga, and elsewhere?

Most people agree in these days that when everything is summed up, the world is, on the whole, getting better, but there are spots that unquestionably are growing worse, and the vicinities of many of these industrial centers are among these. The evil forces have so far predominated over the good. The industrial and commercial development of Africa is proceeding very generally throughout the continent, and is many fold more active and general than is the work of missions. "Civilization"

as represented by European clothing and personal effects, by stores, by bars, by better roads, by bicycles, by the telegraph, by steel rails, by bricks and corrugated iron, by the clock-regulated whistle of the mines and the shops, is impotent to hold the heart of the white man to the good he learned in his youth, or to change the heart of the dark denizen of the woods of Central Africa to the better things and to a new life.

To state it differently, the natives of Africa are not remaining in *status quo,* following the comparatively indifferent customs of unrelieved paganism, but through the partition of Africa among the powers of Europe, through the exploitation of the resources of every nook and corner of the continent, through the commercial products dumped into every section of the land from all parts of the world, the African has been related in an intimate and vital way to the entire world. His quiet life in the village, formerly sufficient of itself for all his needs, has been rudely overturned. His tribal tenure of land has been bewilderingly interfered with and restricted and in essential respects denied. His over-lords demand strange and inexplicable taxes and service, many of his customs have been forbidden, re-

J. M. SPRINGER
AND EVANGELISTS

MR. BELLIS
AND MESSENGERS

MR. FRYKBERG
AND CAPITAS

CHURCH STATE COMMERCE

THE THREE GREAT FACTORS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AFRICA

straints to excess and youthful folly formerly exercised by the parents and the tribe have been swept away in the name of personal liberty, and the virile youth of the tribes have been tempted and invited to long absences from home to labor for the stranger. To this child race it is all bewildering, but the African is rubbing his eyes, he is awaking, he has a happy faculty of self-adjustment to new conditions; his philosophy of life leads him to accept what is and to adapt himself to the circumstances of the hour. He sees that the old has passed away or is passing; he looks to see what the future has in store.

But he is a child: he has no chart or compass for the new sea of life upon which he has been thrust. In his sky there shines no fixed North Star or Southern Cross to aid him in his reckonings. The checks that primitive life develops are being left behind with the crumbling huts in the forest. New temptations, new dangers, new vices face him in these new and strange circumstances. New powers of money, new ambitions, and new ideals greet him in the new Africa of to-day. There is the meeting of aggressive, powerful, selfish, commercial Europe with primitive, scantily clad, backward, pagan Africa. For the solution of

the problems that have arisen in this connection, there is required a program that considers and provides for the complex needs of the individual, of the family, of the community, the village, and tribe, for all the hours and days of the week, and that serves the physical, the mental, the social, and above all the religious needs of all these units and groups.

Thus thoroughly inclusive is the program that is required. Nor is this a program that can be fully and minutely elaborated in advance. "Each institution must work out its problems on its own ground" must be the guiding principle here also. The need is for men and women aware of the experience and wisdom of the Church in the past and alive to the best thought and methods of the latest day, living, thinking, evangelizing, teaching, guiding, and training, and thus meeting the total needs of the various groups. And full recognition needs always to be made of the fact that while the Church is the distinctive factor, it is not the only factor in the advancement of the Kingdom of God. Government, commerce, and industry all have their part to play in the total work of the extension of the Kingdom of God upon earth. The officials and agents of

these other factors are sometimes conscious and sometimes unconscious of the part they do play, or should, in this program, but it is a notable fact that many of them gladly respond to the leadership of the ecclesiastical forces for the betterment of society and the correcting of evil conditions. While the Congo Mission represents one particular denomination in this field, it will not and cannot work merely to further denominational interests. The natives who congregate on these mines and centers are from the areas of a dozen different denominations. Those who are converted and join our church will be given letters to their several churches on their return to their homes. And we request those denominations who have members coming to work in our field to give their young men church letters.

So that a distinctly Christian rather than denominational work has been begun, a work of and for the Kingdom. And to such a policy and to such a program the Congo Mission stands committed.

Much of the "geographical feat" has been accomplished and now before us lies the great missionary "enterprise." Let us go forward to the task in the spirit of that other saying of Livingstone's,

"I WILL PLACE NO VALUE
ON ANYTHING I HAVE OR MAY
POSSESS EXCEPT IN RELATION TO
THE KINGDOM OF
CHRIST"

LIVINGSTONE'S MONUMENT AT CHITAMBO'S, N. RHODESIA,
WHERE HIS HEART IS BURIED

APPENDIX

STATEMENT

MADE FROM THE AUDITED ACCOUNTS OF THE

CONGO MISSION

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

FOR THE PERIOD 1910–1914

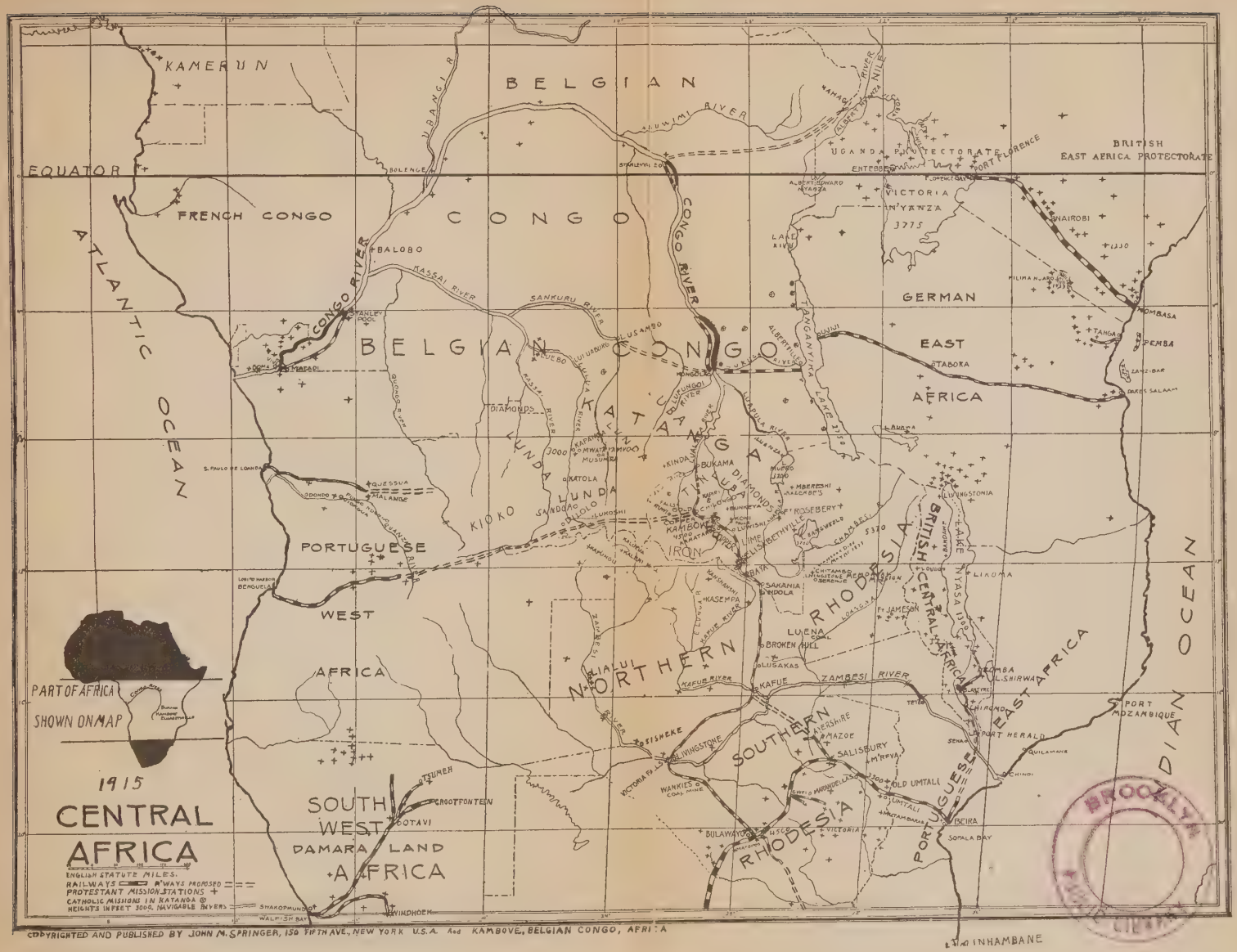
RECEIPTS

Special Gifts received through the Board of Foreign Missions		$15,357.32
Special Gifts from U. S. received on the field		235.00
Dr. Fox Fund:		
Principal	$2,700.00	
Interest	485.00	
		3,185.00
From J. M. Springer:		
For Circular Letters	$337.89	
For Cyclostyle	119.32	
		457.21
Contributed by Europeans in the Belgian Congo		154.91
Value of Timber and other Building Materials received free on the field		704.35
Collections (mostly from natives)		142.37
School Fees at Kambove		190.00
From the Board for Outgoing of Dr. and Mrs. Piper	$834.20	
Outfit for Pipers	200.00	
Outgoing of Rev. and Mrs. Guptill	1,141.33	
Advance on Salary of Dr. Piper	408.96	
		2,584.49
Received from two Jews, applied as original capital of Bookstore		20.00
		$23,030.65

EXPENDITURES

Sixteen years of missionary service (salaries)	$7,957.63
Outgoing of seven missionaries	4,547.66
Buildings—Lukoshi, Mwata Yamvo, Kambove	3,831.75
Household Furniture	676.36
Station Equipment, organ, bicycle, tent, lantern, etc.	568.43
Printing Press	406.77
Tools, etc	870.44
Itinerating	276.98
Transportation	951.37
Evangelists and Native Helpers	700.50
Support of Pupils	1,311.13
Special Women's work	13.00
Circular Letters	402.63
Taxes and Incidentals	315.18
Exchange, etc	180.82
Capital furnished Bookstore	20.00
	$23,030.65

JOHN M. SPRINGER,
Treasurer.



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